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THE
GAMESTERS,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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GAMESTERS.



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THE
GAMESTERS:
A NOVEL.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF
BURTON-WOOD AND JOSEPH.

V O L. III.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear, by turns, as fortune shifts the scene;
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

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THE
GAMMESTERS:
A NOVEL
IN THREE VOLUMES.

By the Authors of
BURTON-WOOD AND JOSEPH.



Good men, good men, with golden
swords, my sword, as fortune lifts the sword;
come, then, I hear, come, then, I hear,
Then fall to hand, they hand and the sword,
Dybbal's sword.

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MDCCCXXVI.

THE GAMESTERS.

Lady WILMOT in Continuation.

July 2.

GOOD God! of what use is a benevolent spirit, when unaided by power, but to work its own disappointment! What a heart has this Ferguson! and may I say *what a head!* Totally ignorant of that delicacy which will rather suffer the most cutting hardships than own an obligation to ostentatious wealth, he thinks it quite sufficient to urge the distresses of his fellow-creatures as a plea for redress, nothing doubting but a liberal donation must be the immediate

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mediate consequence of such an application. Mistaken Ferguson! Poverty, as thou hast experienced, shall plead her humble privilege in vain, if sweet philanthropy dictates not the generous supply. The cheek of indigence shall still be moistened by disappointment's tear, where pity urges not the ready gift.—Wonder not, sister, at my seriousness: I have melancholy leisure for reflection, and each succeeding hour furnishes me with subject.—But I will relate the cause of the above remarks.

Our honest sailor came this morning early, staid but to breakfast, and we saw no more of him till tea. He entered with a rueful countenance, something between a spiteful grin and a mortified contraction of his features. Throwing himself into a chair, one leg over the other, and both hands in his pockets, he began to whistle most furiously.

“Have you been far to-day, captain?” asked my husband.

“Yes,

“Yes, too far by a devilish deal; and yet
“not far enough.” And then he pursued
his diverting employment of whistling.

“You speak enigmatically, Ferguson.”

“All’s one for that.—But, if you must
“know, I strove to find a passage into a
“miser’s heart, and was wrecked upon
“the rock of flinty avarice.—And now
“you have it.”—

“Prithee explain yourself,” said Edward.—

“Why, then, you may suppose I didn’t
“like to see you cooped up in this nasty
“place: so I e’en went to Sloper, told
“him your case, and asked him to be
“bound with me for your appearance.—
“The avaritious dog.—But I shan’t say
“any more.”—

My husband coloured.—“Solicited assistance from Sloper! undeceive me,
“for heaven’s sake.”

“Yes; yes; I thought you’d be angry.
“—I don’t understand these high-flown-

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"notions tho'. It is our maxim, on-
board the Jason, never to want a can
of grog, if our messmate has cash
enough to procure it.—But if I come
along-side that tawny hag again, he
had better be in a high sea, and nothing
to trust to but a leaky bum-boat, odd
rattle him."

"I insist upon an explanation," inter-
rupted Wilmot.

"Well; Lord, don't look so cursed
fierce—May I never splice a rope, if
honest Tom wouldn't sail to Canton
without a compass, to serve you."

"Do, for goodness," said I, "captain,
give us the whole of this"——

"Cursed bad voyage, hay, Madam?

"Rot me if I i'nt ashamed to begin.—

"But it must be, so here goes.—I went

"this morning and ax'd for *Squire Sloper*,

"for he's devilish proud, so I thought it

"was better not to be ill-mannerly. But,

"after waiting an hour in his *shalloon*, I

"believe

“believe the black boy called it, out he
“came, as stiff and as strait as the mast
“of a ninety-gun ship, and looking as
“furlly as my dog Crab.—Sir, says I, it
“signifies nothing going about the bush,
“I only come to know if you will inter-
“fere in the behalf of my worthy friend,
“Sir Edward Wilmot, who, I told you
“before, is confined for an unjust debt;
“and perhaps a person of your conse-
“quence”——

“Persons of *my* consequence,” said the
haughty puppy, “are seldom addressed
“in this very familiar manner. If Sir
“Edward has been imprudent, he has
“sent an improper person to plead his
“cause.”——

“He was going on with some break-
“teeth words, but I told him he might
“as well talk Greek to a Nova Zem-
“blian or New Zealander.—So, said I,
“you’ll please to answer me, in plain
“English,—Yes—or No.”——

“ Why then, in *plain English*,” said the negro-whipper, “ No.—I tell you, No.—
“ My money is intended for better purposes than to support gamesters and
“ swindlers.”

“ O the hard-hearted villain!—I walk’d
“ up to him, and, upon my soul, could
“ not forbear clenching my fist. He started
“ back, expecting a blow, which I would
“ have given him, but thought it beneath
“ a British sailor to take advantage of a
“ coward. So I only said, Thou pitiful
“ slave-driver, — dealer in that horrid
“ traffic for your fellow-creatures,—if I
“ had ye on-board our ship, you should run
“ the gantlope before an hundred honefter
“ fellows than yourself, and never disgrace
“ a better office than that of swabber or
“ loblolly-boy.—I then turned out, and
“ whistled all the way hither.”

“ *Gamesters and swindlers!*” repeated my poor Edward.—“ Captain, your intention was generous; but excuse me
“ for

“ for saying, your head cannot execute
“ the designs of your benevolent heart.
“ Solicit not the gift of charity for Ed-
“ ward Wilmot, much less subject him to
“ hard reflections from contemptuous
“ low-minded pride.”

“ Well, well,” replied Ferguson, “ shake
“ hands and forgive me. It is true, I
“ steered into a wrong port, and found
“ an enemy under friendly colours. What
“ then? He can’t say I turned tail without
“ firing a gun.—No; no; the dog had a
“ whole broadside;—and then he strutted
“ with the idea of his own consequence.”

Edward could not but forgive the honest blunderer, who promised he would conduct his next manœuvres with more prudence; adding, he was going to town immediately, upon particular business, winking at my father, who smiled, and wished him a successful journey.

THE GAMESTERS.

In Continuation.

A sudden and joyful surprize, my sister! We were sitting this evening at our light supper, when the maid brought in a card.

“Ah! Frances,” said Edward, “why this ceremony to a poor prisoner? But here are coronets on the seal.”

He opened it, and, colouring very highly, gave it me.—Louisa, it was from Lord D——; he is arrived in England, and intends calling on us to-morrow morning. You may be sure his presence will be welcome.

July 4.

He is just gone, sister.—Edward was delighted to see him, and clasped the noble visitor in his arms, who received the friendly caress with apparent sincerity.—My presence was not requested by his lordship, and I thought there was delicacy in the omission. My husband, at Lord D——’s request, immediately entered upon a narrative,—affecting without design;—

sign; — clear without prolixity. — The dear relator was all himself. For, my sister, prisons cannot subdue native dignity, though they may obscure it, any more than riches can create interior worth.—

Lord D—— listened with the deepest astonishment to the recital of Ward's treachery, and, starting from his seat the moment my husband had finished,—“Enough, Sir Edward,” said he, “have you suffered.—Excuse my hasty departure; and, though you see me not for several days, depend upon my warmest services.”—He left the room in great agitation, and, we are informed, went post to London. Edward expects happy consequences from his Lordship's interference.—I shall conclude this letter in the comfortable hope of seeing (at least) a *cessation* of our misfortunes.

Ever your's,

F. WILMOT.

Mr,

Mr. SLOPER to Mr. HARRIS.

July 6.

YOU know I left Jamaica with a determination to settle in Portugal. But you knew not my real motives for that resolution, nor yet for changing a name I could no longer retain with safety. I am going to try the strength of your friendship, by discovering a secret which, to a person more liable to the scruples of a delicate conscience, might render me obnoxious. But you, Tom, who boast the glorious advantages resulting from *free-thinking*, will do honour to Roman steadiness, by a faithful retention of what might prove my ruin, were it publicly known. Perhaps, as our acquaintance commenced but with my reprobation of what they call *revealed religion*, it may not be amiss to take a retrospective view of that part of my life antecedent to my *conversion*. I shall begin with observing, that my success, as a planter,

was

was precarious, which first induced an attempt in the slave-trade. This answered my utmost expectations, and I gained considerably by it for seven years. At the expiration of this period, I became acquainted with a captain Todd, whose unconfined principles perfectly coincided with my own. We found no conscientious scruples arise in the transaction of several important matters. Among other affairs, we concluded upon the freightage of a ship from England, which we insured to a very considerable amount. I need only say, the vessel was *lost* in her passage,—*no matter how*,—and, after some difficulty, the insurance was paid. For ten years, no notice was taken of this mystery, and I grew fearless of discovery, till, a dispute commencing between Todd and myself, I determined upon a voyage to Ireland, but was soon convinced it was a wrong plan, as my comrade meant to turn his thoughts that way, and it seemed more judicious

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judicious to change my name and intended place of destination. Portugal I next fixed upon, but chose to sail in an English packet, willing once more to visit my native land, though not to stay long in it. Soon after my arrival, I fell in company with my sister's son. Her features were exactly delineated in his face, and I felt no small degree of confusion at an incident which might produce dangerous consequences, especially as he appeared to recollect an uncle who had not only been personally absent for many years, but had not even recognised one creature in his family, by a single line, or the smallest remembrance. However, I not only positively denied my identity, but, to prove the strength of my assertion, visited him as a *stranger*, and met with an unpardonable insult, owing to a circumstance I shall now inform you of.—Not able to withstand the agreeable hope of adding to my wealth, I have made overtures of marriage

marriage to a lady, who has (notwithstanding some disparity of years) accepted me. She was courted, previously to my addressing her, by an austere, affected, and learned, gentleman, with whom I have had several bitter altercations, particularly at the house of my nephew, where I received the insult above-mentioned. This he not only tacitly permitted, but apparently encouraged, and thus in a great measure became the aggressor. I was transported with rage, and thirsted for satisfaction. The scholar was below my resentment, and, in the heat of ungovernable passion, thoughtless of the weighty reasons I had for not making myself too public, I sent my nephew a challenge. The servant, Pedro, returned not till the next day, and reluctantly informed me he had but just delivered my letter. You may imagine I vented my disappointment on the rascal's bones; who had scarcely fled from his well-deserved discipline, when

when I received information that Sir Edward was confined for debt. Some time after, a person applied to me, in favour of my nephew, soliciting my pecuniary assistance. I did not find it convenient to send relief to a man who was spoken of as a confirmed gamester, more especially as the request was conveyed by a fellow who had behaved extremely insolent to meet a Sir Edward's house.

I mean to celebrate our marriage immediately, as England may be equally dangerous with Ireland or Jamaica. Do, Tom, add to my obligations, by disposing of the effects I left behind. You will convert the cash into bills, and remit them to me in Portugal. My intended chooses to pay her vows in London, much against my will, for obvious reasons.

Adieu, my worthy fellow.

R. SLOPER.

Edy

Lady WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

L—, July 7.

CERTAINLY this Ferguson is resolved to try the strength of my husband's patience. Would you believe, Louisa, the headstrong creature's business to London was to try to move a heart harder and more impenetrable than the bed of a sea-horse, as he politely expresses it; "and that, you know, madam," said he, "is ice." However, the ill success of his unfortunate negotiation had made the poor man cautious of relating it before Sir Edward, till I previously prepared him for the recital; and then the blunderer entered, with a disappointed and foolish aspect.—"So," said Wilmot, "you have been to visit your favourite companion, "Ingram."

"Yes," answered the sailor, "and I believe *he* will not easily forget it.—But "upon my soul, Sir Edward, if you will forgive

“forgive me but this once, I never will attempt impossibilities again.”

We all smiled at his eager request, which Wilmot readily granted, upon condition he should faithfully relate the whole of his embassy. He promised obedience, and told *such* a tale, that nothing but the deepest distress could prevent his hearers from laughing at.—I was not proof against it, and absolutely could not keep my risible muscles in order.—You shall have all I can recollect, but it is impossible to describe the relator’s droll signs and arch interruptions, which lengthened his story to a monstrous degree.

“You know,” said he, “I was in a violent hurry to go to London. Mr. Jenkins only knew my errand—Well, I went to Ingram’s, and found him knuckle-deep in grease, in a little back room. He stared at me for a minute without speaking, and, turning to Sall, who was busy in removing a large box
“ of

“ of candles from an old chair, for me,
“ as I suppose, to sit in.

‘ What, is the girl flabagasted? Did
‘ you never see a cockade before? It is’nt
‘ all gold that glisters, mun.—Take away
‘ the breakfast things, and don’t be slop-
‘ ping all day.’

‘ Why you have but just begun, father,’
“ said the poor wench.

“ Oh, never mind me, said I.—Hand
“ over the toast, I’m devilish hungry.—
“ So I helped myself plentifully, and took
“ a bason of tea, that was poured out for
“ the old hunks, and by jingo he looked
“ as if he wished the first mouthful might
“ choak me,—muttering,—

‘ Oh dear, dear; this is pretty usage
‘ indeed!’

“ Come, come, I cried, sit down, little
“ Timothy, no matter who begins first
“ on-board the Jason. Salt can soon make
“ some more toast. He stuttered through
“ vexation.

“For the matter o’ that, I a’nt in an
“eating humour. — So, if you’ll go up
“stairs, I’ll hear what you has to say, for
“I supposes you comes about bu’siness.”

“Yes, yes, said I; but we don’t con-
“clude a treaty upon an empty stomach;
“nothing like a little belly-timber before
“an engagement.

“Well, but I wants to go out, so I
“wishes you’d walk this way.”

“I found the old curmudgeon began
“to grow testy, and, after finishing the
“toast, I followed him into the dining-
“room, which smelt worse than a Green-
“land-ship. He didn’t ask me to sit
“down, so I e’en clapp’d myself into a
“chair, and faith the ricketty piece of
“lumber deceived me; down I fell, and
“got a devilish bump upon the back of
“my skull against the broken free-stone
“hearth. This quickened my motions.
“I jumped up, and, after rubbing my
“my

“ head, asked him if he had heard of your
“ misfortunes.

“ Yes,” said the miserly brute; “ and it
“ was what I daily expected from his ex-
“ travagance. Why his gimcracks only
“ fetch’d more money at the sale than I
“ should spend in my family in seven years.
“ Sall, truly, would fain ha’ had some of
“ his glass thing-em-bobs to stick up a-
“ gainst the wainscot. But, no; no, says
“ I; if you haven’t candlesticks enough,
“ take a bit of clay, and plaister it up
“ against the wall, that will do, I war-
“ rants.”

“ I began to be afraid I had hoisted
“ sail too soon, seeing the wind was just
“ in my teeth, but was resolved to try
“ if I cou’dn’t make him tack about.
“ Harkee, Mr. Ingram, says I, Sir Ed-
“ ward’s high spirit won’t let him be be-
“ holden to any bpdy its true; but may
“ be, you and I could be bound for his
“ appearance, and when the thing is done,

“he'll hardly refuse to quit the prison
“upon our parole.

“*Our parole!* I wonder I dufent', growl'd
the hard-hearted bear.

“Come, come, little Timothy, say yes,
“in a handsome manner. I'll pay your
“passage up and down again; this is no
“election-business, my boy. He took
“hold of his wig by the fore-top, and
“shook it violently; perhaps it hurt his
“asses ears; and, twisting his ugly face
“as if I had trod upon his corns, at last
“he whined out,

“What *I* be bound for *him*,—and hazard
“my poor trifling yarnings for such a
“skip-jack! And wou'd *you* be sich a
“fool as to trust him?”

“Oh how I longed to give the dog a
“rope's-end. However, I was willing
“to hear him out.

“Why,' said he, ‘I wou'd'nt be bound
“for my own father, when he ax'd me;
“it was but a little before he died that he

“was

‘ was arrested for a matter of twenty pound,
‘ and had the conscience to want me to
‘ lay down the money, though I had a
‘ young family coming on. And, though
‘ I was generous enough to send him half-
‘ a-guinea, he snivelled and took on like
‘ a madman; and people said, because he
‘ died in prison soon after, that I killed
‘ him. No, no, let every one do for
‘ himself, that’s my way of thinking.

“ And *my* way of thinking, said I, is,
“ that all such hardened villains will howl
“ for their sins in a certain place. Depend
“ upon it, Ingram, you are making quick
“ sail for the port of —; no fear of a
“ fair wind, old shark.—He was ready to
“ spit at me, and stammered out some-
“ thing about sea-brutes.—I marched up
“ to him fiercely, and he made but one
“ step to the door, calling, in a devilish
“ hurry,—

‘ Sall!—let Tom run for the constable,
‘ and do you mind shop.’—

“No occasion for it, daddy, said I;
“and, clapping my foot to his stern, sent
“him down in the firing of a gun. The
“rogue lay bawling murder in the pas-
“sage; Sall and Tom ran to him, armed
“at all points, she with the poker, and
“he with a stave of an old tallow-cask;
“but I put them aside, stepped over old
“skin-flint, and rushed out of the house,
“Ingram roaring all the time like thun-
“der.”

What a mad-headed mortal, Louisa. I hope he has not hurt the poor wretch too much, though he deserves the *worst* of treatment, for his most unnatural brutality to his aged father. Ferguson may think himself well off, if no farther notice is taken of this affair. I made him repeat his adventure in the evening, and so fixed it in my memory.

July 10.

I have left a most acceptable visitor with my husband, and am retired to our
little

little room, to converse with my dear Louisa.

We were this afternoon favoured with the presence of Mrs. Saunders and Mr. Juvenal. The lady was induced to make this visit by the report that a chaise with coronets had been seen at the prison-gates. Reason sufficient to induce the attention of this woman, who is as vain as she is superficial. Juvenal, though furly in general, claimed credit for his behaviour, which was disinterested and friendly. He had hitherto been confined, from the consequence of Sloper's passion, and came to see us the first time he went abroad. Mrs. Saunders looked round, with silent disdain, upon the indifferent furniture.—A chair was offered.—She turned aside her gown, as if fearful of soiling the gold muslin.—Unnecessarily, my dear; for, although we are not fine, we are perfectly clean.—Shall I say, my Edward's obstinacy (it is a harsh word) has refused a

genteel apartment upon the ground-floor !
 “ Many more worthy beings,” he said,
 “ are obliged to submit to severer mortifi-
 “ cations. Besides, those rooms are much
 “ more expensive than the two we oc-
 “ cupy.”

When the scholar entered, he addressed Edward with “ τα καθήματα τοῖς ἀνθρώποις μαθηματα γινονται.* my dear friend; all may
 “ yet be well.”—

“ What, you are at your hard words
 “ already, sir;” replied Mrs. Saunders,
 “ Is this *your* method of *condolation*?”

Before he could answer she turned to me—“ I suppose, ma’am, you often see
 “ Mr. Sloper, as his house is quite *conta-*
 “ *gious* to this?”

A strange question, considering she is so intimate with him! At this moment suddenly entered Lord D——. His countenance intimated business of the utmost importance, but it likewise betrayed vex-
 ation

* Misfortunes become Examples to Men.

ation and disappointment at seeing company. When the bustle occasioned by his entrance was over, Mrs. Saunders repeated her question, *verbatim*. His lordship gazed at her with astonishment, quite unable to repress a smile. Ferguson, who was present, answered her with "What, the negro-whipper, I suppose you mean?—" "No, no; such as *he* don't visit prisons."

Strange and unexpected was the interruption to this elegant repartee; no other than the appearance of Sloper himself! He directly distinguished the peer by a low bow;—my husband and self were honoured by a slighter inclination of the head;—Mrs. Saunders with a gracious smile;—the others he *overlooked*.—Advancing to me, with a frigid air, "I called, madam," said the mighty man, "to apologize for the fright I gave you; which that person," pointing to Ferguson, "told me had disagreeable effects; and likewise to—"

Edward

Edward eagerly exclaimed,—"What mean you by this address to Lady Wilmot?—What fright? What ill effects?"

I was terrified. "Nothing, my love.—Nothing indeed worthy your notice. I had even forgotten it."

Sloper looked sternly ill-natured; my husband apprehensive and impatient; when Lord D—— interfered.—

"Excuse the question, Mr. Sloper; but pray were you not an inhabitant of Kingston, in Jamaica, during last war?"

Sloper coloured a tawny red.—"No, my lord."

"Certainly I cannot be mistaken. You had several valuable plantations, and were deeply engaged in the slave-trade."

"One person may be like another, my lord."

"True; but I must be much deceived if you are not James Vernon."—

See,

See, Louisa; do not wonder at my husband's address to this unnatural man, some time since.

He arose, wiped the perspiration from his face, and stuttered, "I—I—I—am
"sure your lordship is mistaken."

"Impossible. My memory is perfectly
"retentive;—but it is not of the least con-
"sequence."—

Sloper seemed to breathe more easily, but took his leave in a few minutes, without reverting to the business which brought him hither. Mrs. Saunders quickly followed him, after observing, "She knew
"no reason that should *seduce* Mr. Sloper
"to change his name: and she must needs
"say, Lord D——'s *insinuations* were
"quite *incomparable* with his dignity."

This *learned* remonstrance produced a smile on every countenance, and the lady left us, apparently much offended.

In

In Continuation.

July 11.

I have much to write, much to rejoice at, much to be thankful for. Oh! Louisa, how shall I begin a subject that almost overpowers my reason. I know not if my memory will retain the whole of the happy conversation, as I had it from Edward; but I will try to give it you.

As soon as our company was withdrawn, I left Lord D—— with my husband. His lordship went directly into the subject that brought him hither.—

“ I would not,” said he to Sir Edward,
“ give you hopes which the artful schemes
“ of a diabolical villain might render
“ abortive, till authorised by indubitable
“ proofs of his treachery. Those proofs I
“ could not obtain but by an audience
“ with him. On Thursday, therefore, I
“ went to his lodgings, at an infamous
“ house, near St. Giles’s. The landlady
“ would have announced my name, but
“ that

“that was inconsistent with my plan. He
“looked ready to sink at my appearance,
“almost inarticulately attempting to ex-
“press his sense of the honour I did him,
“&c.”—

“No compliments, Mr. Ward. My
“business will admit neither shuffling nor
“evasion,—You have greatly contributed
“to the ruin of an excellent man, and are
“now adding to his difficulties by the
“claim of an unjust demand. When and
“where did Sir Edward Wilmot contract
“a debt of six thousand pounds? Shew
“me your authority for throwing him into
“prison.—He drew towards the door.”

“You take me at a *nonplush*, my lord.”

“Stop, sir, produce the note.”

“The note, my lord!—Why, please
“your lordship, the note is in my attor-
“ney’s hands.”

“Send for your attorney.”

“He is gone to L——, your honour.”

“Villain, it is false.—Windus is now
“in the house; I saw him in a room be-
“low.—

“low.—Mr. Johnson, who accompanied
“me in this expedition, ran down stairs
“for him.—No chicanery, Ward, said I.
“No quirks, no quibbles.—He was struck
“dumb till Windus was produced. He
“then spoke with a faltering voice.
““You have not got Sir Edward Wil-
“mot’s note in your—”
““Silence, sir; are you teaching this
“pettifogger his brief? I *will* see the
“note.—Ward, with a countenance pale
“as death, and trembling as if under the
“operation of a tertian ague, beheld the
“lawyer reluctantly take from his pocket-
“book the important note, and throw it
“with a sulky air upon the table. His
“despicable client would have snatched it
“up, but I was too nimble for him, and
“found it, to my utter surprise, to be the
“identical note you gave him for six
“thousand pounds, the receipts on the
“back of it cunningly erased.—And now
“I must explain a transaction which, but
“for

“for his villainy, you had never known.—
“Meeting him one day at B——’s, he
“asked me to discount a bill of yours.—
“I did.—He then informed me, there
“was yet six hundred pounds due upon
“your note, which he never expected to
“receive, as Ingram had begun his pro-
“cess against you. I could not bear my
“friend should be under pecuniary obli-
“gations to a fellow whom I then began
“to look upon in a most despicable light,
“and discharged the whole debt. He
“gave me the note. I ran it over, and
“found it right. We agreed you should
“remain ignorant of the matter, and I
“thought no more about it. Going out,
“that night, or rather morning, from
“our rendezvous, I called my servants.
“They were absent. Several chairmen
“offered, and I took those next me. The
“other fellows pretended they would not
“lose their fare, and came to blows.
“During the battle, I stood in the midst
“of

“ of a suspicious croud, unable to get out
“ of it. In the scuffle my pocket-book
“ was gone, with the note in it, of course.
“ I was violently enraged with my ser-
“ vants; but they assured me, a man came
“ to them from B——’s, telling them not
“ to wait, but to return in two hours. I set
“ out next day upon my travels, after en-
“ gaging a friend to try every means to
“ effect a discovery of the thief. The
“ evening after my return from Aix-la-
“ Chapelle, I was informed of your situ-
“ ation, but could not learn who had ar-
“ rested you. This will account for my
“ leaving you so abruptly, when I heard
“ it was Ward who had been guilty of
“ the black transaction.”

Louisa, what a man is this ! The tear
was gathering in my husband’s eye, but
his lordship prevented those acknowledg-
ments, which were breaking from Ed-
ward’s grateful lips, by proceeding in his
agreeable relation.

“ I

“ I trembled with fury at the wretch’s
“ behaviour, and, seizing him by the col-
“ lar, for he was sliding away,—

“ Monster, how came this paper again
“ in your possession ?

“ He would not speak.

“ Answer me, Ward, said I; did you
“ not give me this note six months since,
“ upon my paying off what remained due ?

“ His impudence now gave way; con-
“ scious he had done a deed which must
“ prove his destruction, and too plainly
“ detected to attempt a palliation of his
“ vileness, something like conviction shook
“ his perjured soul. He traversed the
“ room several times, with a quick, un-
“ steady step; his arms folded, eyes fixed
“ upon the ground, now stamping with
“ impatience, now casting looks of mor-
“ tified indignation at us; then, sitting
“ down, he took out his handkerchief, to
“ hide the tears extorted by shame, disap-
“ pointment, and despair.

“ Speak, Mr. Ward, interrupted my
“ friend, how came you by this note ?

“ The fullen rascal would not answer.

“ We will leave him, I said, to those
“ who will force him to speak ; he must
“ plead in a court of judicature.

“ This, added Mr. Johnson, is the most
“ bungling piece of mischief I ever saw
“ practised. You could not hope to
“ escape discovery any longer than till
“ Lord D—— returned,

“ While my companion spoke, he fixed
“ his eyes upon a curious watch, that lay
“ upon a low mantle-piece ; and, taking
“ it up, opened and looked at the inside
“ case, on which were the letters C. J.
“ in an elegant cypher. His face was like
“ crimson, and, turning hastily to Ward,

“ Villain, he exclaimed, (collaring him
“ at the same instant,) whence came this
“ watch ?

“ The culprit, by a kind of jerk, got
“ loose,

“ loose, and was at the stair-head in a
“ moment.

“ Not this way, sir, said I; drawing a
“ pistol I had previously prepared. He
“ shrunk back; I stamped, and up came
“ some proper officers, whom I had or-
“ dered to attend me.

“ Come, Ward, said I, now prove
“ your title to that watch?

“ *His* title! repeated Johnson, in a vio-
“ lent rage, the watch is mine. I will swear
“ to its identity; aye, and to this rogue’s
“ face. I know him now; distorted as his
“ features are by fear and guilt, I know
“ him. At your peril (to the officers) see
“ him forth-coming.

“ Ward, finding his destiny irrevocable,
“ begged to speak one word to me in pri-
“ vate. I consented, but parted not with
“ my pistol. He then frankly confessed
“ the whole charge respecting the note,
“ and owned he should that night have
“ been out of England, had he known I

“ was returned; concluding, with entreat-
“ ing me to use my interest with Mr.
“ Johnson, in his favour. I chose not to
“ promise any kindness to such a fellow,
“ and he was carried off in the depth of
“ cowardly anguish.

“ Here, Sir Edward,” continued his
lordship, “ is the passport of your deli-
“ verance; may happiness gild your fu-
“ ture days.”

My husband could not articulate his
thanks, but abruptly left the room to
hide what he was causelessly ashamed
of. Lord D—— followed him into the
little apartment where I was writing.

“ Dear Wilmot,” said the generous no-
-bleman, “ I cannot bear this powerful ac-
“ knowledgement; I have done but half
“ my duty yet.—You will be at liberty,
“ it is true;—the world is all before you;—
“ But Brenchley can no longer afford you
“ an asylum; all is confusion there. Sir
“ Richard

“ Richard Risdale has taken possession of
“ what I may call your paternal right.

“ That such cruelty is illegal, I am cer-
“ tain; but I am equally clear you are,
“ at present, in no condition to dispute
“ with him; and *that* he well knows.

“ And now to apply. I shall leave the
“ kingdom again in three days. My house
“ in town, and every thing in it, is at
“ your command till I return. The ten-
“ derest occasion calls me to Aix. There
“ is a lady, at that place, who has taught
“ me to blush at those libertine pursuits
“ which have been the business of many
“ shameful hours. Her good sense, agree-
“ able person, and extraordinary misfor-
“ tunes, have rivetted my affections, and
“ I mean to give a public proof of my sin-
“ cerity by making her my wife.”

“ Louisa, I was charmed at this intelli-
“ gence. The profligate Lord D—— to be
“ so far convinced of his errors as to resolve

upon the only method to secure his reformation, how pleasing!

Sweet lady, may you, by prudent tenderness, unremitted duty, and delicate watchfulness, (if I may be allowed the expression,) fix your consequence with his lordship, so as to give your persuasive arguments in favour of virtue their due weight. May your gentleness rectify his fierce disposition, and produce the most lasting concord.

Swiftly did this apostrophe to the distinguished fair-one pass through my mind, while attending to the welcome information; but how much more was I surprized, when, turning to me, with a low bow, and an ingenuous shame visible in his countenance,—

“One reparation,” said Lord D—,
“one acknowledgment, must yet be made,
“as a testimony of my good intentions.
“From *you*, madam, my vile behaviour
“met with a proper repulse. Nobly did
you

“you resent an intended injury. Happy
“are you, Sir Edward, in such virtuous
“excellence. Glory, my dear friend, in
“the woman whose steadiness, whose con-
“nubial affection, were yet more firmly
“established by the means I took to shake
“them.

“This *acknowledgement* is due to her
“exalted conduct; and the only *reparation*
“I can offer is *this*, (putting a paper in
“my lap,) for here she will read the fate
“of one who is her exact counterpart.”

He then kissed his hand, bowed, and
vanished; silently he vanished, for my
husband was unable to utter the emotions
of his heart. Gratitude and pleasure,
clouded by suspicion of he knew not what,
were visible in his features; in mine, I am
sure, from my inward agitation, were
mixed honest shame; fear; nay, even dread
of an explanation which might have hurt
his delicacy; and I severely felt, at that
moment, the inconvenience of retaining

any secret from the possessor of my sole affection, though stimulated by the most commendable motives. Often have you and I discussed that point; often have you insisted upon a husband's right to be acquainted with every movement of his wife's heart; but, my dear, you were not married; you did not consider that the preservation of his honour, by his own hand, might be the death of their mutual peace, and that, while endeavouring to wound the person of an offending antagonist, he might possibly pierce the tender bosom of a distracted woman, in the loss of his own unguarded life; passion too often taking from him the power of self-protection. With such sentiments, I could act no otherways; and, even while secretly lamenting the consequence of my taciturnity, I felt an inward joy that the best of husbands most possibly owed his safety to it.—Pardon the digression; I will proceed.—

“Frances,”

“Frances,” said Sir Edward, “what
 “means Lord D——? How have you
 “fixed your character with his lordship?
 “What intended injury demanded the hu-
 “miliation we have just now witnessed?”

I could not see him thus perplexed, but,
 in the clearest manner, explained the black
 offence. He stood gazing at me, when I
 had finished, seemingly in an attitude of
 admiration, and, clasping his arms about
 me—

“Long,” cried he, “have I considered
 “my beloved wife as a miracle of faith,
 “fortitude, and patience, but knew not,
 “till now, the extent of her goodness.
 “I knew not that her tender prudence
 “equalled her other virtues. Sweet care-
 “ful guardian of her husband’s honour,
 “and, perhaps, preserver of his life!
 “Though spiritedly tenacious of the first,
 “she lost not sight of her tenderness for
 “the latter! But (and his cheeks began

to

to mantle) "how could Lord D—— offer
"such an insult, at the time too."—

"Stop, my love," said I; "he repents;
"he gives the noblest proof of altered
"principles, and has nominated a gua-
"rantee for his future conduct."

I had enough to do to pacify my Ed-
ward; but, by every endearing argu-
ment in my power, I tolerably succeeded.

I have omitted several particulars in
Lord D——'s narrative, for *two* reasons
indeed; *one*, because they did not con-
duce to the main subject; the other, still
more conclusive, my mind could not re-
tain them.

Adieu, my love; your welcome letter*
is just arrived. Joy to my sister; she will
be at home about the period of our father's
arrival at Crawford-abbey. The kind
master of that hospitable mansion means
to

* This letter, with several others, are omitted, as
not conducive to the advancement of the story.

to convey this to his dear Louisa, and with it the sincerest love of her affectionate

F. WILMOT.

Lady F. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

July 16.

WE are now removed to a comfortable house in the neighbourhood; for Sir Richard has proceeded in an unprecedented manner. Edward says, he has committed the most unjustifiable violence in seizing our property, for which he is determined to make him suffer.

I have not forgotten to give you the contents of Lord D——'s packet, but must first pay my compliments to our faithful Ferguson. Soon after the peer was departed, this benevolent oddity returned from a walk, and, bursting abruptly into the room, hallooed out,

“ Well, my friends, prithee how does
“ the land lie?—Oh, oh, madam, I see
“ you’ve been been crying pretty plentifully.—

“fully.—Ay. ay, this lord is like the
“rest of your dry gingerbread friends; go
“to bend them and they’ll break directly.
“I wou’d’nt give the pitch off my shoe
“for the best of them.”

He then began to whistle most furiously;
and stopped to say, “I’d sooner trust an
“ape with the helm, than one of these
“promise-makers, for they’ll all lie like
“the devil,” And then he broke into
Hearts of Oak, whistling with much
passion.

“How do you know,” said Edward;
“that Lord D—— has *not* succeeded in
“this important business?”

The captain let fall the grog (which he
had just taken) upon the floor, jumped
from his chair, and, staring like a mad-
man,—

“Hay! What! Does the wind blow
“from that quarter?—Do tell me, is it
“fair or foul weather?—Foul, if I may
“judge from madam’s eyes.”—

“Why,”

“Why,” I replied, “is it not possible
“to weep for joy?”—

“No, I say; none but fools and puppies,
“saying your favour, madam, ever cry.”

My husband laughed aloud.—“Why,
“captain, you have lost your liquor.”

“Rot the liquor; what’s the *news*? Has
“this fly-away lord seen that cannibal?”

“He has, Ferguson; and *that cannibal*
“has given up the note, and is, for an-
“other crime, committed to goal.”

The poor fellow threw his hat into the
fire, which had been kindled upon the
account of my little boy,—tossed his wig
out of window,—hugged Edward as if in-
tending to kill him with kindness,—and
then saluted me with such heartiness as
might have given pleasure to a Plymouth
landlady, almost stifling me with the
fumes of his best Virginia. He then be-
gan a hornpipe,—laughed,—sung,—(no
more whistling, sister,)—and at last sat
down and even shed tears. —

“ I

“I thought,” said Wilmot, “none
“but *fools* and *puppies* ever cried!”

“Cried,” answered the crazy creature,
“he that will not cry, laugh, and swear,
“upon such an occasion as this, ought to
“be ——. I’ll see the dog hanged, how-
“ever; I’ll certainly go to Newgate to
“see him hanged.—But, hollo, where’s
“my wig?”—

“Your wig,” replied Edward, “is
“gone after your wits.—I fancy they are
“floating in that delicate horse-pond,
“under the window.”—

“Well, well, it makes no odds, my
“hat will serve.—But, zounds, here’s a
“curfed stink!”—He looked towards the
fire, and saw the unfortuate hat half con-
sumed.—“No matter,” said he, “let
“it go;—it is hard if we can’t have a
“bonfire of our own.—Huzza!—Huzza!”

During this polite expression of his joy,
he was poking the hat to make it blaze;
but, finding that impossible, he threw it
after

after his wig. We endeavoured to calm him, but could not succeed for several hours, so much was he delighted at this fortunate arrangement.

And now for the important letter.

Lady O. WILMOT to Lady F. WILMOT.

Aix-la-Chapelle, July 1.

STIMULATED by motives of gratitude, and urged by the most friendly sentiments, Olivia sends every kind every tender wish to her invaluable sister. Lovely woman, thy sufferings have reached me. I can form the strongest ideas of thy distress, thy disappointments, thy unrewarded patience. Successful villainy has struck at thy happiness, has deeply wounded thy tranquility.

Holy Virgin, dost thou permit affliction to visit that spotless bosom?—O that I could be blest with the assurance that Frances Wilmot had declared thee her patroness! O that thou would'st perform

a miracle in her favour, and, to the perfection of moral virtues, add the graces of pure religion. But I will have done; saints and angels only shall witness my fervid aspirations for her conversion.

You, my sweetest friend, can rejoice at Olivia's fair prospects, abstracted from self. You can listen to a tale which must create wonder and delight. For many weeks after I left England, sickness undermined my weakened constitution. The troubles I had so recently experienced reduced me to the lowest state. I could neither write, converse, nor take the least exercise. Without one friend to console me, I was many times tempted to wish an end to my miserable existence. Unable to hear from England, my mind was incessantly tormented with the idea that Sir Henry was no more. For my illness had seized me at an obscure village, where I was obliged to remain; and it was impossible, while there, to gain the intelligence I dreaded,

yet

yet desired. My physician might be trusted, it is true; but my situation admitted not the familiarity such an information might induce. At last, the waters of Aix were prescribed, and I was conveyed hither in a litter. I then wrote to you, when able to hold a pen; but, receiving no answer, I determined to wait till my health was more established, and then intended to make a voyage once more to England, eager to be ascertained of what continually distressed my mind. Time and the salutary bath restored my strength sufficiently to take the air, though too feeble to join in the amusements of this agreeable place. Walking one evening, with a social party, we perceived a lady sitting upon the grass. Her servant was vainly attempting to raise her, as her ankle was violently strained. We hastened to her assistance; she looked up; and I beheld—my ever-revered mother! She fainted in my arms, through pain and surprize; but, reviving by de-

grees, gazed at her long-neglected daughter with the most tender anxiety. I avoided her piercing looks, while my heart throbbed to express its joyful fears. She put her arm about me, and feebly said,

“Will not my Olivia look upon her
“*widowed* mother?”—

“My father then is dead, and has left
“his curse of reprobation upon his mi-
“serable daughter!”

“No, my dearest,” answered she; “he
“revoked it immediately after your de-
“parture from the convent, and sent the
“description of your person to many parts
“of France, fully intending, by the ten-
“derest treatment, to make amends for
“your husband’s cruelty.”

This was consolation indeed. My heart felt lighter, and I accompanied this dear parent to her lodgings, in a carriage which one of the ladies immediately sent for. Our apartments, when she grew better, became the resort of different na-
tions.

tions. Among the groupe I presently recognised Lord D——. From him I accidentally learned the death of my unfortunate Henry, and, from my mother, the lesson of resignation. My first emotions, on this dreadful explanation, discovered my situation to his lordship, who would have taught your Olivia to consider her husband's death as a deliverance. Loving as I had loved, the task was difficult; but the kind attention of my mother, and the impossibility of recovering the dead, gave a new turn to my ideas. As soon as our doors were open to company, Lord D—— again made his appearance. His address in making the most trifling incidents subjects of amusement, and his lively manner of discriminating the various characters that continually presented themselves to his notice, added to his humourous method of relating the anecdotes of the day, made his conversation ever interesting, as, in my case, it contributed to banish un-

comfortable retrospection. My dear mother, penetrating and discreet, seemed to hint that something *more* than friendship urged his lordship's unwearied attention. Soon, indeed, did his unambiguous declaration do honour to her discernment, and he openly addressed me with the most honourable pretensions. But, my charming woman, I could not *love*. My esteem, founded on gratitude, was clearly his own; it was due to such amazing generosity. Yet I wished but for friendship, nor could I think of marrying the man who commanded not my entire affection. My mother argued with her daughter, clearly elucidating the advantages I should possess, and the prospect of enjoying, if not exalted happiness, yet that state of calm content which lies between the two extremes of exquisite felicity and poignant misery; a state which, she assured me, stood the fairest chance for duration. But this suited not my mortified sensibility. It

was

was not sufficient to look upon my husband without dislike, I wished to experience those feelings which rise to a degree of enthusiasm, when in presence of the beloved object, and sink proportionably in his absence. My prudent parent conquered, after some severe struggles, this fantastic obstinacy, and I grew willing to suppose comfort was in my power. As soon as I could meditate on this subject, Lord D— was acquainted with my compliance, and I am authorised to say, he means, after a decent time, to celebrate our nuptials. Indeed, I cannot think of hastening the solemnization, as my unhappy husband's death is so recent.

Adieu, sweetest, best of creatures. Forgive me for intreating your acceptance of the trifling inclosure, nor be offended that I commit you and my worthy brother to the protection of our blessed Virgin, who will, I piously hope, in her own good time, work a miracle, in bringing you

both into the pale of that church by which alone you can be saved.

OLIVIA WILMOT.

Lady F. WILMOT in continuation.

What an amiable enthusiast! How sincere her expressions! How benevolent (thinking as she thinks) are her wishes! But (as a real Protestant, let *me* say,) how mistaken in fundamentals! It is a melancholy reflection, my dear, that, while the serious professors of the Romish religion are sedulously aiming to convert the heathen, convince the atheist, and reform the *heretics*, as we are falsely called, *our* church, the dissenters from papacy, and the despisers of pontifical power, sit down, satisfied that we are in the right way, without making such earnest advances to encrease our number, or prevent the growth of different sects and schismatical ignorance. With what commendable *charity*, I must call it, have these people sent missionaries to almost every part of the known world,

to

to preach the knowledge of a true God! How many of them have been contumeliously treated, and even deprived of life, while endeavouring to fix a notion of the Deity in untamed savages! It is too true, they have often abused their power; witness the abject slavery in which they hold the poor Peruvians, Mexicans, &c. All I contend for is, that the design was good, however perverted in the execution; and, while I must for ever execrate the infernal Hernando Cortes, my soul shall venerate the noble Columbus. The steps of the one were marked with blood and desolation; the other crowned his discoveries with gentle mercy.

My sister will not suspect her correspondent's principles from these strictures; well she knows how much I detest their superstition, in its utmost latitude; but the *real* charity our religion inspires will not permit me to decide partially upon their faults, without allowing every advantage

asvleltuo

D 4

their

their merits may justly claim. I will not punish you by a longer digression, but will gratify your friendly curiosity in mentioning the *trifling inclosure* sent by Lady Olivia. It is a bill for five hundred pounds. I cannot arrange my ideas upon this subject so as to receive the pleasure such a gift should naturally excite. My sister cannot have much to spare, nor is her mother, I have reason to think, in very opulent circumstances. Lord D—, we know, has great possessions, notwithstanding his losses on the turf, &c. May not this money be given in Lady Willmot's name? And, if so, does not concealment, in this case, appear culpable? However, I will not torment myself with suspicions which, after all my reasonings, may be ill-founded.

In Continuation.

I have, this morning, accompanied by Ferguson, been to take leave of our worthy Sternheim, as we propose availing ourselves

ourselves of Lord D——'s offer next week. The good creature has been confined some days with a slight disorder, and I must take shame to myself in saying, our visit was the first intimation of my Edward's happy deliverance. For, though Harry had been to enquire how we did, yet the joyful confusion we were under shut out the memory of our poor soldier. We found him busily employed in explaining several useful problems in geography, which he illustrated to the attentive boy by the use of an old globe, he had borrowed in the neighbourhood. My blunt companion, to whom ceremony and caution are as great strangers as hypocrisy and avarice, burst into their neat little room, and, without any other preface than shaking Sternheim's hand, pointed at me, saying, — "See, corporal, who I've brought with me: no more fighting" and groaning, my noble Guffy. Fortune has tacked her wheel to windward,

" and

“and we scud along with a flowing sail,
“plenty of canvas, good sea-room, and
“no fear of hidden rocks.”

The soldier took off his spectacles, and, bowing to me, “A visitor *indeed*, captain! and one who claims my deepest reverence. Methinks I see a serenity in her ladyship’s eyes that seems to countenance your boisterous assertions.”

“Why don’t I tell you, that there cannibal, that arrested Sir Edward, has raised the siege. The town’s relieved, my lad of wax. The garrison has marched out with all the honours of war, colours flying, and” —

“You are perfectly inexplicable, captain,” interrupted your Frances; “and are rather unhappy in your martial as well as naval similies.”

I then explained our situation to Sternheim. The warm-hearted soldier could not retain a tear of grateful rapture.

“Lord, Lord,” hallooed Ferguson, “if
“he

"he is'nt ready to cry, never trust me.
"See what it is to have such fine feel-
"ings!"

"True, captain," I replied; "some
"express their joy in emphatic tears, and
"some in destroying *the honours of their*
"*heads.*"

"Why, faith, madam, I was a little
"foolish that day; but no wonder, Sir
"Edward will hardly allow me *any* head,
"so you will not expect I should have
"much brains."

"I fancy," said Sternheim, "whatever
"fault there may be in the *execution* of
"Mr. Ferguson's projects, we shall find
"no defect in his *intention.*"

Harry expressed himself so prettily on
the favour I did his father, in this friendly
visit, that my companion actually roared
out,

"A chip of the old block, faith; only
"he has got rather more spirits. Come
"hither, child; what say you to a voyage
"to

“ to the Pacific Ocean? See, (turning the globe about.) “ it is but a trip.”

The little fellow's answer confounded me.—“ All seas and all countries will be
“ alike to me, since I shall go with a re-
“ solution to do my duty, be my destina-
“ tion what it may. Whether I freeze at
“ the Pole, or scorch under the Line, I
“ will endeavour to prove myself the son
“ of Augustus Sternheim.” And he went
to his father, to kiss away the tear his sensible speech had extorted.

The careful foldier told me, he had been to Brenehley, and was shocked to see the devastation already committed upon those premises; informing me also, that the people who were put in possession were totally ignorant of the farming business, and he was certain the landlord must have taken an improper course. I am clearly of my good friend's opinion. Sir Richard will undoubtedly suffer for his unjustifiable procedure.

I left

I left our favourite veteran a small token of my esteem, and departed with reluctance. When we were about to leave him, Ferguson squeezed Sternheim's hand, and whispered in his ear; he coloured, and looked vexed.

"Mum's the word, old boy;" said his honest visitor; "no tales."

The poor man held out his hand.—

"Pray, captain stop.—I cannot, indeed.—

"You must excuse me."—

"By my soul," said Ferguson, "this is comical treatment. Here's a pretty fellow, refuses the king's bounty.—Come, come, sir, you deserve a round dozen for this behaviour." He then politely trotted away before me. The soldier gently touching my arm, I looked back. He held out a Bank-bill, of what value I know not. It is plain Ferguson intended to make this present without my knowledge.

I am

I am impatient to hear of our father's arrival at Crawford-abbey. The gout fortunately kept off, though he was extremely apprehensive of its return. Adieu, dear sister; and a long adieu, I hope, to severe distress.

FRANCES WILMOT.

Lady F. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS,

Orchard-street, Aug. 1.

THANK you, Louisa, for your kind attention to my request. And, with dutious gratitude, let me also thank our dear parent for his tender and patient participation of our sorrow, while at L—. How will it delight him to hear we are lodged in a magnificent house; — furniture, — servants, — carriages, — at our command. — Ferguson, who will not leave us this week, sings and dances all day. We mean to stay here no longer than till a proper dwelling offers. Grandeur is out of your brother's reach; why then subject himself

himself to temptations that may shake his peace? I sigh already for the inspiring air of Brenchley, but in vain. My husband is taking cognizance of Sir Richard's proceedings, and has applied to a counsellor, who is eminent in his department. He assures us there is reasonable foundation for an action. You will excuse my particularising this matter; law being a crabbed study, unsuitable to my sex, my capacity, and my inclination.

In Continuation.

Sitting this morning at breakfast, with only Ferguson, the servant delivered a note, which, he said, required an immediate answer.—It was as follows.

MY LADY,

I HOPE you will forgive a poor distressed creature for this liberty, but indeed neither I nor my child has tasted any meat for this week. I am almost
afraid

afraid to tell my name; but, having heard a vast deal of your goodness, it encourages me to write my mind. Oh! madam, I am the lawful wife of Jacob Ward, who is now in Newgate. He has left me and three children these four years; and it was but yesterday I found him out; but he would not own me, though he knows its along with him that two of our children have taken to bad courses. For Christ's sake, good lady, send us a trifle, and you will ever oblige your dutiful servant,

MARY WARD.

Good God! what a correspondent! I was stunned! Wretched woman, how terrible must be her situation! A tear would force its way. Ferguson observed it. I read the note aloud, and then asked him to accompany me to Mrs. Ward's habitation. He started up, and expressed the greatest willingness to go with me. A coach was called, for I was loth to take Lord D——'s

D——'s carriage upon such a business, and we soon reached the place. Ferguson alighted, entered the lane, and was some time before he returned. The poor woman being but a lodger, he could not easily find her. I had scarcely spirits to execute my project, so strange did every thing appear. However, supported by the captain, I ventured up two pair of stairs. At the landing stood the unhappy creature. She courtesied, and begged we would go still higher; but I refused, there being hardly a gleam of light to direct us up a sort of ladder. The woman, in a hollow tone, intreated I would not stand there. The captain moved on; I followed reluctantly to a little miserable apartment, which might be called the dwelling of poverty.

My poor soldier had known distress, but order and decency were in his mean hut. Our prison was scantily furnished, yet it had the appearance of neatness. But *here*

was every shocking inconvenience united. Near the only window sat a child, about six years old; but, oh! my God! what a spectacle! — Sick, lame, and almost naked. — His mother looked but little better. Dirty, squalid, and deeply tinctured with the yellow jaundice. She took the helpless boy upon her lap, and gave it a hard crust, which he attempted to eat, but could not. His disorder was probably from the want of proper nourishment. I drew some cakes from my pocket, and the famished child devoured them voraciously. This was too much. I could stay no longer, but gave Mrs. Ward some money, determined that she should be properly relieved. She gratefully thanked me; protesting her little Tommy must be lost without assistance.

“He shall not be lost,” I said, “nor you neither, poor creature. Have patience, and something shall be done for you.”

We

We hastened away, deeply penetrated. Edward was shocked at our relation, and seemed tenderly displeased at my temerity in venturing into such a dreadful place. Ferguson had *his* share of correction, but only shrugged his shoulders, repeating the word "*patienza*, which," said he, "is the Portuguese remedy."

In Continuation.

My husband has commissioned the humane sailor to do every thing his friendly heart shall suggest for the permanent relief of Ward's miserable family. He means *himself* to visit the culprit in his confinement

Ferguson is returned. He entered the room rubbing his hands, and hallooing, "Well, Sir Edward, the business is done. "I've brought ten thousand blessings to "you and my lady. I shall tell you all "about it, but must have a little grog "first."

The liquor was brought, and, after a hearty draught, he began.—“ Well, you must know, I didn’t like to go empty-handed, and so I stepped into a cook’s-shop, and stuffed my pockets with belly-timber, not thinking of *your* present, madam, at that time. Just as I had put my prog upon a stool, we heard a violent clacking below-stairs.—‘ Oh!’ said the poor woman, ‘ that is my unhappy daughter’s voice.’—

“ She had hardly spoke, when in bounced a tawdry figure, be-ribboned and tasseled from head to stern. Her main-brace was half unspliced, and hung down to her heels. A gold anchor hung to her bow, and her cloth shook in the wind pretty handsomely. Her top-fails were loose, and she seemed to have lost some of her gilding and gingerbread work. However, she brought all her guns to bear, and gave Mrs. Ward *such* a broadside as I shall never forget
“ the

“ the sound of. The frightened woman
“ talked very kindly to her, but all to no
“ purpose, for she said I was there upon
“ no good account. This observation
“ made me sheer off, till she was gone.
“ When I went again, Mrs. Ward was in
“ tears, and would have made some ex-
“ cuse for the little Billingsgate. But I
“ hastened to finish my errand; and, to
“ say truth, I was quite shocked to see
“ the mother’s distress upon her account.
“ So we soon settled the affair, and she
“ thinks by Wednesday to have every
“ thing comfortable about her.”

How dreadful, Louisa, must be this wretched woman’s situation! a daughter abandoned, without a miracle, to destruction; a husband confined, for robbery; and a son in the utmost danger of being eternally lost; to say nothing of the youngest, who is a cripple from neglect. With pleasure would I attempt the recovery of her infamous daughter; but the

most that can be done is, to *try* to persuade her to become a Magdalen; though nothing but extreme want, I imagine, will drive her to that comfortable asylum.

August 6.

Edward has been to the miserable abode of guilt. He was immediately admitted to the wicked object of his visit. It is unnecessary to remark how much my husband was shocked at the appearance of this once confidential companion; the air of Newgate rather confirming than destroying those indications of vice which I had traced in his disposition. Ever low, he is now sunk beneath contempt; yet did my abused husband's unexpected entrance visibly confuse him, and, while awkwardly apologizing for a situation too well deserved, he reached a chair, which his visitor declined, who told him his business required privacy. This was not sufficient to clear the room of two ill-look-

looking fellows, who had been playing at put in the same room; they sat in silent stupidity gazing at Sir Edward, and he found himself obliged to make them witnesses of what passed; explaining himself in few words, as to the poverty of that unhappy woman, who declared herself Ward's wife; adding, he had little doubt of her claim, but wished to be convinced it was really so.

The wretch denied, with repeated asseverations, her assertions. My husband took him up short.

“ I have only this to say, Mr. Ward;
“ if you will own her for your wife, and
“ pay her twenty pounds per year whilst
“ you live, I will empower you to fulfil
“ the contract, by giving you more than
“ that sum. Certainly, I could assist the
“ distressed woman without making you
“ the channel of my bounty; but I will
“ frankly own, my motive is, to stimulate
“ you to an act of justice.”

He paused, and at last reluctantly owned, "The thing was true enough; but, as she had run away from him, he thought he had no right to own his marriage, as people might come upon him for her debts."

"I will not," said Sir Edward, "con- tend who was the aggressor, but immediately put it in your power to send the promised relief."

This he did, taking care to do it in such a manner that Ward could not appropriate any part of his wife's money to his own use. He received it with greediness, and begged Ferguson to carry the cash to Mrs. Ward, as he supposed Sir Edward's friends knew where to find her. Terror soon banished the *grin* of pleasure from his aspect, (it was not a *smile*, Louisa) when the turnkey entered abruptly with notice that his trial would come on the succeeding day. He struck his forehead with impatience, exclaiming, "I cannot
" bear

"bear to be hung up like a dog. Surely
"it is in your power, Sir Edward, to
"soften the evidence."

The fellows, who had not before spoke,
bid him leave snivelling, and, if he must
be scragged, why it was what they must
all come to.

Good heavens! what infamous language!
"Come," said one of them, "you have
"plenty of dust, let's have a bowl of
"punch.— A short life and a merry one,
"I say."

Shocking creatures! Edward was in-
formed, *they* also were certain of the fate
they affected to disregard.

August 7.

A few words more, relative to this un-
happy man, and then adieu for ever to the
subject. The trial is over; but a defect
in the evidence given by the prosecutor's
coachman, who was much inebriated at
the time his master was robbed, left a
doubt

doubt on the minds of the jury, and they recommended him to his majesty's mercy. My husband is determined to fulfil his promise, though he did not suppose, at the time, that Ward would live to make a further claim. However, the money will be paid without much inconvenience, as Sir Henry's estate must, at a distant period, work itself free.

Mrs. Ward came to tell me she had proposed to her daughter the scheme I hinted at,—an application to the Magdalen. The girl was violently displeased, but, in consequence of some ill treatment she had received in the course of her horrid employment, she reluctantly consented to apply for an order. Her son was at present with her, and she hoped would see the *folly* of running into bad company. How maternal tenderness glosses over the wickedness of its offspring!—The mother calls that *folly*, in her child, which she would justly consider as *vices* in another.—

The

The poor woman was exceedingly grateful, but shed a tear while she informed me her youngest boy was dead.

Adieu, my dearest.—Little Edward is all you can wish.—My husband sends the kindest remembrances to his parent and sister; to them let me add those of your

F. WILMOT.

From the same to the same.

Orchard-Street, Aug. 13.

WE live quite in a family-way, Louisa;—keep hardly any company, and take no other pleasure abroad than what a morning airing can afford.—My husband, I am *now* well assured, holds his former propensity in utter detestation. A stranger is below. I must break off.—

August 14.

Such a stranger, my dear! What think you of Juvenal, who arrived last night about ten o'clock? His entrance was proclaimed

claimed by a violent Latin exclamation, denouncing vengeance for some evil he had suffered.

After the customary compliments, Ferguson attacked him with,—“What news, “old Grecian? What meant that out- “landish gibberish you saluted us with?— “Have you brought to the charming “Maria, hay?—What, she has struck at “last, and come to her moorings, I sup- “pose. — You’ve had a fine chace, by “gad: but no wonder she kept aloof “from such a load of learning, freighted “too in a Dutch bottom.—No wonder, I “say, such a light vessel should keep a- “head;—she had it all to nothing, my “soul;—wind and tide in favour,—plenty “of cloth, and her cargo little else but “feathers, ribbons, gauzes, and trin- “kets.”

The scholar looked abominably rueful, sat biting his nails, and patiently suffered Ferguson to finish his whimsical harangue; then

then fettling his wig, and stroaking up the fore-top, he laconically answered his facetious interrogator with "No matter; "no matter; αλλων κοπιωντων, αλλοι κερ-
"δαινεσι."*

Then turning himself to Sir Edward, "I came," said he, with a smothered sigh, "to avoid the raillery of my acquaintance, as the little jilt, Miss Saunders, has accepted Sloper's proposal, when I had every reason to think myself sure of her."

"Oh ho, my lad! what you've driven your prize into the port of matrimony at last; and now, I warrant, the whole lading is confiscated.—Serves ye right, faith.—Why I never saw ye together, but you put me in mind of a Dutch man of war in chace of a fly-boat."

When the captain had concluded his rhapsody, Juvenal informed us he had
written

* Some are to labour, others to profit.

written to a sister at Northampton, with whom he intended to finish his days.

“I little thought,” said he, “of making
“such an arrangement till Mrs. Saunders
“banished me from her house, upon a
“certainty that the West-Indian’s proposals
“were agreeable to her niece. I shall stay
“but one night in town, as they intend
“coming to London almost immediately;
“but whether before or after the marriage
“I cannot ascertain.”

Cheered by Ferguson’s liveliness, (for, though he will have his joke, Juvenal is rather a favourite with him,) and pleased with our attention, the poor man passed a tolerable evening, and I had great pleasure in perceiving his disappointment had softened, in some measure, the ruggedness of his disposition.

In

In continuation.

August 16.

How sweetly apropos was the arrival of your tender letter,* to chase that *ennui* which the absence of our hearty blunt visitor had occasioned, who is gone upon an expedition to Plymouth. Even my husband is at a loss for his droll companion, and declares he prefers Ferguson's conversation to that of the most finished beau.—Indeed, this naval *sçavoir vivre* possesses the talent of making you laugh in defiance of reason, and pleases the fancy without paying the smallest compliment to the understanding in his whimsical flights. But, upon all those occasions that affect the heart, he is sure to interest *reason, judgement, understanding*, and can move, at pleasure, every spring that actuates the finer feelings. Edward calls him a jewel, whose lustre would be obscured

* This letter does not appear.

scured rather than heightened by the most delicate polish. The simile I conceive to be just, for no attempt can soften the roughness of his behaviour. Mrs. Medway humourously compares him to a glow-worm, shining only in the night of a friend's adversity. It is true, he dispenses more particularly, at that time, his useful and friendly luminations, but methinks his cheerfulness irradiates even the most lively prosperity. You may perceive, from my transcriptions, I am almost mistress of his nautical language, and can prate away quite in style, (but with my pen only.) No wonder, when he is so tenacious of ship manners and conversation, as neither to put a question, or make a replication, but by references to the above-mentioned practice.

I must not forget to inform you, we had company yesterday. But, my dear, you know we are *great* folks for the present, no wonder *little* people should seek

us out. What think you of Mr. Sloper, *his* intended bride, and *her* aunt? Yes, they condescended to make us a visit. The gentleman more haughty, his lady more volatile, and Mrs. Saunders more incomprehensible, than ever. I dreaded some confusion would arise; as Ferguson (who was not then gone) seemed no ways inclinable to silence. Indeed, taciturnity is seldom his failing, especially when under the influence of his favourite *grog*. However, as one of our aerial navigators, soon after their entrance, passed over the house, conversation took a turn properly calculated to banish my fears.

Ferguson hastened into the street, to observe the æronaut's course; but soon returned, stamping and swearing he was almost blinded with the ballast the pilot threw out to lighten the vessel.

Mrs. Saunders, upon this occasion, said, she "should like to have seen Mr. *Lunatic* " in his first voyage; as he must have a

"*picturesque* appearance. But pray; madam, (addressing me) was he not in danger of being burnt by the *infallible* air?"

The company smiled; our captain laughed out, but happily escaped the lady's notice. I gathered, from her niece's loquacity, she is to be married next week. May *her* felicity render *my* predictions of no avail.

Adieu, Louisa; convey my sincere gratulation to our good father on his recovered health, which must have been roughly shaken by the troubles he so kindly shared with his now happy daughter.

F. WILMOT.

Lady F. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

August 19.

I Concluded my last rather abruptly, an opportunity offering to send my letter, but will go on with the journal, for such, I think, it may properly be denominated.

Perhaps you have yet a pitying tear to shed for one who this day has tried my
forti-

fortitude.—Mrs. Tenby, sister, yet lives, a noble example of sincere repentance, but I fear a victim to dissipation and irregularity. She sent me yesterday the following note

Mrs. TENBY to Lady WILMOT.

August 18.

A TRUE penitent for past evils wishes but for two earthly gratifications. The forgiveness of Sir Henry Wilmot's relict, and the presence and consolation of her angelic sister. — Yes, madam, a word of comfort from *you* might possibly still the tormenting struggles of an uneasy conscience.—Do, excellent lady, condescend to become an advocate for me with that injured sufferer; but, above all, indulge with your presence for one quarter of an hour the desponding

ELIZA TENBY.

Lady WILMOT in continuation.

The poor woman lives at Highgate. I attended the summons immediately, but went in the stage, not willing to alarm her by the appearance of a nobleman's carriage; and conceiving also it might look like insult in her present circumstances. I found her sitting on a little bench near the door. She saw me,—arose, and conducted me into a small parlour, clean and plain.

I congratulated her upon being able to walk into the air. She shook her head, and remarked, that people in her situation were subject to such flattering symptoms.—

“ I am clearly sensible, dear madam, (said she,) my health is utterly destroyed. But
“ it is possible I may live several years.
“ Indeed, I ought not to think the time
“ tedious that is appropriated to the necessary work of repentance. A work—
“ (and she wiped her eyes) which I hope
“ is successfully begun.”

I com-

I completed the purpose for which I went, by using every consoling argument, and giving a solemn promise to endeavour to obtain my sister Wilmot's pardon. She heard me in patient silence; and, when I stopt, lifted up her hands, and said,

“How efficacious are the pleadings of
“unfullied virtue! With what graceful
“meekness can she descend from the con-
“templation of her own sublimity to com-
“fort and raise the dejected sinner!—Oh!
“Lady Wilmot, in you she speaks, and
“by you sends the precious token of for-
“giveness.—It would be criminal in me
“not to submit to her mild behests.
“From you I will cheerfully accept the
“pardon she pronounces, the resignation
“she commands. It is true, the stains,
“which a long and vicious intercourse
“have stamped upon my character, are in-
“delible; but, while suffering under the
“consequences of sin, I will rest my
“hopes of future happiness upon your in-

"tercession with that God whose decrees
"you so comfortably explain."

She was in great agitation. Her bosom heaved with sorrow, gratitude, and doubt. I would not leave her till she was tolerably composed, when, rising to depart, the trembling creature followed me to the parlour-door, took my hand from the lock, and gently drew me back again; then, falling on her knees, and with the most energetic expression in her pale countenance I ever beheld, she addressed the Deity as follows.—

"Tremendous yet merciful God! whose
"laws I have violated, whose dictates I
"have despised, but whose gentle forbearance is deeply imprinted on this
"throbbing heart, permit me, with the
"utmost humility, to thank thee, for
"thus inspiring an angel to dispense the
"blessing of peace to a soul depressed by
"a sense of its guilt; and, oh! may she
"feel the effect of her benevolence in a
"long

“ long and uninterrupted succession of social comforts. Presuming on the efficacy of my fervent supplications, suffer me yet further to implore thy choicest gifts on all she loves.”—

I could no longer listen to the effusions of her grateful spirit, but raised the poor penitent, and left her with sensations of the softest kind.

Surely this woman must be sincere. I cannot suppose the contrary. It is by no means improbable that a person, who has had so many awakening calls, should deeply repent. Hers is not the compunction of a day. It is steady, uniform, and uninterrupted. It began not till adversity and sickness brought on a sense of danger, which the death of her husband and of her paramour confirmed. There is nothing extraordinary in such a repentance; it is but the consequence of those alarming, those repeated and convincing shocks she has so long and so frequently sustained.

Perhaps you may contend, that a repentance, thus brought on and thus enforced, may arise more from disappointment than conviction. But, my dear, how seldom do we see it begun, while health and spirits remain to quicken the depraved appetite, and heighten the relish for habitual vice? Do you suppose *lord D*—— would think and act rationally, had not the picture of *his* deformed mind been held up by the woman of his choice? Is there not as much reason to depend upon Mrs. Tenby's morals as his lordship's? Surely there is. As a proof of your sister's belief of her altered principles, most heartily do I wish Sir Edward's bounty had not been thrown away upon hardened stupidity; for, while Ward is most probably callous to every hope of amendment, my poor penitent makes it the business of her life to solicit heaven's forgiveness of past crimes. On this she may depend, should her existence exceed the term for which

Sir

Sir Henry mortgaged the estate, every comfort that money can purchase shall be hers.

I shall make no apology for introducing another correspondent to my sister's attention. Indeed, you may credit my assertion, when I declare, it is with reluctance he is introduced under that title. Read, and judge if aught from Sir Richard Risdale can give pleasure.

Sir R. RISDALE to Sir E. WILMOT.

TO a circumstance astonishing and important, Sir Edward Wilmot is indebted for this hasty application, which is for ten minutes conference at Mr. Terry's, near Hyde-Park. The business requires immediate dispatch; I must therefore entreat Sir Edward to step into the carriage which will convey him to his obedient servant,

R. RISDALE.

In

In Continuation.

What new species of tyranny means Sir Richard to practise? He has no claim upon us now. The estate is in his own hands; the goods are seized; the stock is fold. What farther illegal cruelty meditates that merciless man? But why torment myself with questions that can be of no avail?

My husband, after some hesitation, obeyed the summons, but could not conceive why Sir Richard should require his presence. It was true, he had commenced a suit against him; but nothing had been or would be done of consequence till term began. He wished to preserve his temper at this meeting, but that must depend upon circumstances. He owned it was difficult to adopt any mode of behaviour, till Sir Richard, by an explanation of his intention, should induce him to revoke or confirm his very unfavourable opinion of that gentleman. — These were Edward's

ward's answers to my earnest and eager petitions not to hazard his safety by a compliance with that ungenerous man's request.

Good God! why does he stay so long? What new distresses are preparing to wound my lately-recovered tranquility? And why, upon recollection, does Risdale appoint this meeting at the house of an acquaintance rather than at his own?— Surely since the dreadful imprisonment I have lost my firmness. I will send to Mr. Terry's.—

Eleven o' Clock.

Just as I had commissioned a servant to go to Hyde-Park, my dear husband returned, thank heaven, safe and well.— But my Louisa must prepare for an extraordinary surprize.— Risdale!— Sloper!— You ask, what connection there is between two utter strangers? — Patience, sister; while I can steadily hold my pen.

In

In Continuation.

Now then for a narrative that will astonish and most certainly delight you.

My husband was conveyed in Sir Richard's carriage to a house near that end of the Park next Knightsbridge. He alighted, and was conducted into a genteel drawing-room, at the door of which he was received by Sir Richard, who seemed excessively agitated, which Edward then supposed was occasioned by the dislike he might have conceived against himself, for his application to law for redress, in the case of the Brenchley estate. My husband, with an air of haughtiness, demanded why he was sent for.

"I am sorry," returned the baronet, "to find you bear me such determined enmity, (which your looks confirm) for a transaction that prudence alone dictated, as to set every engine at work that law can provide to hurt a descendant of Lord C——'s."

"You

“You are mistaken, Sir,” replied Edward; adding, with severity, — “what measures I have taken in that affair, my conscience will justify. Did you send for me for this purpose? If you did, let me say, I have no mean revenge to gratify; Edward Wilmot cannot stoop so low.”

Sir Richard reddened, saying, “I waive any discussion of your strange speech. My business is of the last importance; therefore I cannot attend to capricious discriminations.”

“Then why begin the subject?” retorted my husband hastily. — “You are welcome to any explanation respecting my proceeding.” —

A servant entering, and whispering to Sir Richard, prevented his further replication. He slightly bowed to Wilmot, and lead the way. Edward followed him to an opposite room, where, to his utter surprize, upon a bed, lay the ghastly figure

figure of Mr. Sloper; pale, faint, and almost breathless.—He was surrounded by several surgeons, who seemed collected for little purpose but to declare their inability to assist their dying patient, which indeed was expressed by emphatic looks and silent dejection.

Sir Richard went to the bed, and told the unhappy Sloper he had obeyed his earnest request, in sending for Sir Edward Wilmot.

“I thank you,”—said he, in a weak voice.—“Pray, Sir, come near. Say, “can you forgive my criminal neglect of “an only sister’s son?” Then, looking round, and taking my husband’s hand, who was too much surprised to articulate one syllable—“I charge ye all,” said he, “to attend to the words of a dying man. “In your presence I recognise the real representative of Hannah Vernon. He is “my nephew, and the undoubted heir of “all I may die possessed of.”

The

The poor creature seemed expiring, and it was with inconceivable difficulty he sobbed out, "My—my death—is the—
"just reward of a life of villainy,—de—
"ceit—and—o—h!—mercy!"——

Unable to complete the unfinished confession, he sunk totally lifeless into the arms of one of the surgeons, who, perceiving him almost suffocated with blood, from a wound which had, in consequence of his agitation, bled inwardly, endeavoured to raise him upon the pillow. All present were extremely shocked at this sudden termination of an unfortunate creature's existence, but none equal to his lately acknowledged nephew, who stood contemplating the terrible scene in silent anguish, and has but a faint recollection how he quitted the room for that he first entered. After paying a tribute of tears to the demise of an uncle so recently discovered, my husband applied himself to Sir Richard for a
solution

solution of this melancholy affair, to which the baronet readily consented, upon condition he would first take some refreshment, and forgetting, perhaps, at that awful moment, Wilmot's spirited behaviour

I must stop, for the present. Tomorrow your sister will renew the interesting recital.

In Continuation.

I shall now give Sir Richard's narrative in his own words, as nearly as I can remember them.

"I have no doubt of your embarrassment on the receipt of my abrupt note; but it was impossible to give you personal information of this accident, as my attendance was indispensable upon the wounded Sloper. I was therefore obliged to submit to the most eligible method of desiring your presence.

"Having

" Having some business at Pimlico,
 " yesterday, the beauty of the evening
 " tempted me to lounge a-while upon a
 " seat in the Mall, where I was soon joined
 " by my friend, Ned Spicer, who has
 " lately returned from Jamaica. Pleased
 " with a scene he had not for some time
 " enjoyed, and delighted with the gaudy
 " parties sauntering backwards and for-
 " wards, he was not immediately induced
 " to give up a pleasure so congenial to his
 " notions. We had not sat above half
 " an hour, when an elderly gentleman
 " reposed himself upon the same seat.
 " He proved to be one I had formerly
 " employed in the money way;—a plumb-
 " possessing well-fed citizen, who, after
 " forty years successful industry, had re-
 " tired to a snug little house in the coun-
 " try, that is to say, within *one* mile of
 " London, close to the side of a *populous*
 " *dusty* road, for the advantage of *solitude*
 " and *silence*. His recess from business

“ gives him the opportunity of visiting
 “ every family within the compass of his
 “ morning’s walk, merely to collect news,
 “ which he retails out with some com-
 “ fortable additions of his own, such as
 “ are conveyed by the sly significant nod,
 “ and those common-place inuendoes, *I*
 “ *could say more if I would, but ’tis no busi-*
 “ *ness of mine; and least said is soonest*
 “ *mended, &c.*

“ Not seldom do we see this busy
 “ yet nothing-doing senior repair to a
 “ city coffee-house, greedily listening to
 “ the rise and fall of stocks; happy that
 “ his own property is secured, and ready
 “ to bestow that pity which costs nothing
 “ upon those less fortunate than himself.
 “ But, when politics take the lead, his
 “ decisions are arbitrary though his know-
 “ ledge is superficial, and he liberally
 “ bestows panegyric or censure as parti-
 “ ality, love of contradiction, or some-
 “ times

“times the popular voice, may incline
“him.”

My Edward could well have spared Sir Richard's tedious digression, as his curiosity was so justly raised, but would not interrupt the narrative. — He proceeded.

“My old acquaintance was scarcely
“seated when he began a satirical discrimination of the various characters while
“they paraded before us, most of whom
“were of that denomination which is
“totally unknown to people of distinction. His talent was soon employed upon a group of consequential
“beings, as they stepped along with all
“the airs of new-born greatness.

“There, gentlemen,” said he, “ob-
“serve that stately person, who seems to
“dwell upon the idea of his own dignity.
“He comes of a noble family, it is true,
“but what signifies birth without worth?
“And what matters all the riches upon

"earth, if so be a man can't shew his
 "face upon 'Change, as I say? Now this
 "very spark was such a disgrace to his
 "relations, that they were obliged to
 "send him beyond sea. He can't have
 "been long in England.—Indeed, I won-
 "der he is not ashamed to appear in
 "public."

"Why, sir?" interrogated my friend.

"Why?—Because he has done what
 "would hang him, were it known."

"You decide rather uncharitably as
 "well as boldly (I replied) upon this
 "gentleman's attributed faults. Are you
 "safely authorised to pronounce such an
 "ignominious sentence?"

"To be sure (said Spicer) he must have
 "strong reason for his positive assevera-
 "tion."

"Reason! Ay, ay, I have reason enough,
 "and so have many others, to their cost."
 "I asked his name."

"Oh!"

"Oh! no matter for his name.—He
 "comes from Jamaica, pretty well loaden,
 "I dare say.—Yes, yes; he has got
 "enough by insuring."—

"Insuring? Insuring what? (said my
 "friend) and his colour went and came;
 "his eyes fixed wildly upon the person
 "he was enquiring about, who was then
 "at some little distance."

"Tell me his name."—

"His name? Why his name is,—stay,—
 "let me recollect.—Oh! Ay.—His name
 "is—yes,—his name is—Vernon."—

"Spicer sprung from his seat, and,
 "without farther consideration, or saying
 "one word, darted up the Mall. I fol-
 "lowed, and caught him him by the
 "arm."

"Whither so fast, Ned? What are you
 "in pursuit of?"

"A villain,"

"He replied, in great agitation."—

“How know you that, my hasty
“friend?”

“No matter, Risdale; it is his de-
“scription, and I *will* be satisfied.”—

“The party he meant to encounter by
“this time turned towards us; as they
“approached, his perturbation encreased,
“and he passionately exclaimed,

“It is he. The very man I’ve tra-
“versed half the globe to find.”—

“Then, rushing from me, he placed
“himself before the object of his resent-
“ment.”

“Stop, sir, (said he;) I would speak
“to you.”

“*Vernon*, as he was truly called, of-
“fended and astonished at this rough fa-
“lutation, would have turned aside with-
“out speaking, but Mr. Spicer, seizing
“his hand, cried,

“I have immediate business with you,
“Mr. *Vernon*,”

“Pronouncing the name with spiteful
“energy.”

“You

“ You have,” returned his opponent,
 “ a most impertinent method of accosting
 “ strangers; I therefore do not feel my-
 “ self inclinable to listen any longer to
 “ such rudeness.”

“ You are a villain. A mean, practised,
 “ dissembling, villain. Now will you
 “ listen to me?”

“ Vernon, who, agreeably to the custom
 “ of foreigners, was *full* dressed, exaspe-
 “ rated at this furious language, would
 “ have drawn, but was prevented by a
 “ gentleman in company. The ladies ran
 “ away, screaming at the sight of an un-
 “ sheathed sword; for Spicer, observing
 “ his adversary’s motions, instantly drew.

“ What mean you (said I to him) by
 “ this inconsistent behaviour? Why at-
 “ tack a stranger so roughly? Why treat
 “ him with such opprobrious epithets? If
 “ he has offended you, behave like a man,
 “ nor thus madly rush on mischief.”

“ You know not (he answered) the extent of my injuries. He is a *wretch*.”

“ And, struggling from me, put himself into an attitude of offence. We

“ again prevented their engaging, but I

“ could not hinder poor Spicer from

“ tracing Mr. Vernon to his lodgings,

“ which he did, breathing vengeance all

“ the way. I afterwards found, by the

“ unconnected hints he dropped, when

“ raging passion suffered the words to

“ escape from his mouth, that his father’s

“ ruin (for the young fellow is a foldier

“ of fortune) was effected by the loss of a

“ rich cargo, which this man had con-

“ trived the destruction of; and that,

“ since the war was concluded, he had

“ spent the intermediate time in searching

“ for Vernon, whom he was determined

“ to chastise, especially as he found him

“ acquainted with the use of the sword.”

“ I see (said he) the monster wants not

“ courage.

"courage. Be my second, Sir Richard,
"and I shall be satisfied."

"Regard for this injured young man's
"family, from which I had formerly re-
"ceived some services, induced me to
"propose terms more moderate than those
"he meditated, entreating him to leave
"such villainy to a court of justice."

Do you think, Louisa, the plea of *justice*
came with a good grace from Sir Richard
Risdale? — Pardon me, I will proceed
with his narrative.

"His fortune, by such a proceeding,
"would be augmented, and his resent-
"ment gratified. But no; the winds are
"not more deaf than was this frantic
"man. He sent a challenge; it was ac-
"cepted; and they met this morning at
"five o'clock. — Previous to the duel,
"Spicer addressed his antagonist in this
"spirited manner."

"I fight not from private pique nor
"mad unjustifiable passion. It is necessary
"you

“ you should know me, for the son of *him*
“ whom you, in conjunction with cap-
“ tain Clarke, so basely wronged. He
“ has made me some recompence; hav-
“ ing, by letter, pointed out the man to
“ whom I was obliged for a father’s de-
“ struction. The law might have given
“ me a cold revenge; but I wait not its
“ tedious process. Formal proceedings
“ suit not my sense of wrongs like these.”

“ This speech unnerved the guilty
“ Vernon’s arm, and the answer he medi-
“ tated died away upon his tongue.
“ They fought. The fatal blow was soon
“ given. Spicer ran his adversary through
“ the body, and he fell into the arms of
“ his friend.”

“ God forgive you, (said my young
“ soldier,) and wringing Vernon’s hand,
“ who was too faint to answer him; and
“ then, mounting his horse, which a ser-
“ vant held, he was soon out of sight.
“ We supported the wounded man to a
“ chair,

“ chair, and he was conveyed directly
 “ hither. The surgeons immediately de-
 “ clared his wound to be mortal, and
 “ begged, if he had any momentous con-
 “ cerns to settle, he would do it speedily.
 “ He started, as if something struck him,
 “ and called out in an agony for his friend,
 “ but he was not to be found. Vernon
 “ seemed in despair.”

“ Oh, (said he) is there no one can
 “ carry a message for me?”

“ I undertook to execute any orders he
 “ might give.”

“ Do then, dear Sir, send this moment
 “ for Sir Edward Wilmot?”

“ I instantly dispatched the carriage for
 “ you, and he impatiently enquired every
 “ minute if you were come. At the time
 “ of your arrival he was in a fit, which
 “ continued so long, I was fearful it was
 “ over with him, and this made me de-
 “ tain you some minutes, till I was in-
 “ formed he was somewhat recovered.

“ About

“ About an hour since, Spicer sent back
“ his servant, with a note, declaring, his
“ thirst of revenge arose not so much from
“ the fraud, as from indignation for the
“ loss of a lovely woman to whom he had
“ been contracted in his early youth; and
“ whose father, being too mercenary to
“ value aught but money, had forced his
“ daughter, upon *old* Spicer’s misfortune,
“ to marry another.”

Thus ended Sir Richard’s tedious relation, nothing more transpiring about our particular situation with the baronet, who (my husband fancies) very much wishes to compromise matters relative to the intended prosecution; nor will he, I believe, in that case, find a very vindictive plaintiff in Sir Edward.

What says my father to this wonderful interposition of Heaven in our favour?—Methinks I see him gratefully thanking Omnipotence for his children’s renewed prosperity, while pity for the unhappy
Vernon’s

Vernon's fate mixes with self-congratulation. No wonder that bad man stifled the tenderness which pleaded for a sister's offspring. No wonder he changed a name so dangerous to acknowledge. Upon mature deliberation, I am surprised he took not shelter under his new name of Sloper, when captain Spicer charged him with a crime committed in the name of Vernon. Edward supposes he was taken unawares. True; but he had the whole night previous to the duel to study for an evasion. He might have denied a challenge sent under that superscription. He might have left London immediately. But, says my husband, would not Spicer have pursued him? The man, who had sailed a thousand leagues in search of an enemy, would undoubtedly have followed him through every part of England. Yes, I answered; but, mad with passion, Spicer attacked him upon the strength of a stranger's intelligence. He could not know a
man

man whom, possibly, he had never seen. Yet does he furiously assault him, as though certain of not being deceived. All that can be said is, that Heaven thought proper to punish this infidel by the hand of him whom he had most injured.—

Adieu, my love, I shall continue my journal as occasion offers.

F. WILMOT.

P. S.

I am shocked beyond expression.—Read the inclosed, which was found in the miserable Vernon's pocket. Edward supposes he forgot to send it that evening.

R. SLOPER to Mr. HARRIS.

Aug. 19.

WHAT an infernal accident has my cursed carelessness produced! Harris, I am detected, caught, and, if my usual skill fail me, am ruined. How stupid, to be gallanting my intended, in the public park, when prudence would have urged my close concealment.

Yes,

Yes, I have seen—my destruction.—
You think me mad. Understand the
cause.

I was this evening challenged, in a
haughty accent, and by my true name, as
a *villain*; a mean practised villain. The
challenger insists upon my meeting him
to-morrow morning in Hyde-Park. I
will meet him. The *boy* must be chast-
tised.—But, horrible suspicion! I fear he
is son or nephew to the *man* who was ru-
ined by the loss of that ship I hinted at.
And yet, how should he know me? Or,
rather, you will ask, how I should suspect
him to be the person? Why merely from
the strong likeness he bears to old Spicer.
But no matter. I must fight; I *must* con-
quer.—What then? The affair will be
public. I shall lose my character and my
mistress. Suppose I do *not* conquer.—
Suppose he kills me.—Be it so. Accord-
ing to our system, death is nothing.—
Let me consider.—Annihilation! Of what?

Body

Body and soul.—Uncomfortable thought! The grave is cold and dark!—Terrible!—But why terrible, if our sense of evil cease with life? That *if* betrays a doubt.—Bear with me, Harris, I am low-spirited.

What if the soul should survive the body's ruin? Who tells me it will not? My friend. How knows he that, without experience? Every thing gives the lie to his hypothesis. What is chance? Who can inform me? Is chance the supreme regulator of this beautiful *creation*? That word argues a *Creator*. Chance can have nothing to do with it. And, if there be a great first cause; if there be a righteous just judge; *oh! Vernon, what art thou?* Why dost thou tremble? why afraid of thy shadow? Why doth the deep-toned bell startle thee? Are these fears, these doubts, the preludes to victory?

A funeral passes my window. The lights display a long procession of mourners. — I shudder.—

shudder.—Perhaps, to-morrow! I'll think no more. Adieu, my friend.

R. SLOPER.

Lady E. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

August 29.

LOUISA, what a letter is that I enclosed in my last! I cannot speak of its contents; they are dreadful! My husband was much affected by them. He is exceedingly busy in arranging such of his uncle's affairs as have yet come to his knowledge. Another transaction of importance he hopes to finish soon, and has appointed to meet Sir Richard this evening upon the subject.

August 30.

Well, my sister, every thing is settled. Edward found the gentleman pacifically disposed. He even condescended to own he was wrong, in adopting such precipitate measures. He entreated Wilmot to

forget the injuries he had received, and promised the most speedy redress. What duplicity of conduct! What apparent meanness! Nay, what *cruelty*! I may add. This man of the world could take the utmost advantage of an innocent prisoner; he could heap distress upon misfortune; and felt no inward check in depriving a helpless family of its little all. But, no sooner flows the tide of prosperity; no sooner does he apprehend the consequence of such illegal doings; than *he*, even the haughty Sir Richard Risdale, can cringe and servilely stoop to preserve the property so justly forfeited. But in Edward Wilmot he found a noble opponent; and met forgiveness from whom he deserved condign punishment. My husband has made a purchase of the estate, and intends this day to send proper people to put affairs in the usual channel, at Brenchley, where we again mean to reside, and

and never more to launch upon the dangerous ocean of fashionable life.

You may remember I mentioned, some time ago, that the late Sir Henry Wilmot had mortgaged his estate to Mr. Ingram. My husband, desirous of recovering his paternal inheritance, went yesterday to settle with the greedy usurer, but succeeded not. Ferguson, who is returned already from Plymouth, was on tip-toes to accompany him; indeed, the poor fellow has been half mad since Vernon's discovery.

"Do, madam, (said he) entreat Sir Edward to let me command in this expedition; for, upon my soul, I shall act as if the ship was my own."

"No, no, Tom; it will not do to act upon the offensive; you must be contented with the second post."

"Enough, (replied Ferguson,) let me be but master, and if I don't lay ye pro-

"perly aside the old hulk, never believe me."

"Yes; but, captain, will you venture to face that terrible man, after what has passed between you?"

"Face him? (and the sailor looked very fierce.) Yes, Sir Edward, and fifty such parboiled souls. Why you don't think I am afraid of *that* tall low firkin? *Face him*, indeed! Ay, that I would, if—But it is cowardly to threaten an absent enemy."

Soon after they were gone, I made a visit to Mrs. Saunders; unwilling to be thought what I have censured in others. The young lady was fullenly pensive; her aunt, as usual, expressed herself in acrimonious and almost incomprehensible terms. They were both in deep mourning. I would not hint at their disappointment, but the aunt took care to be sufficiently loquacious upon the subject, beginning with—

So,

“So, ma’am, you have had a fine
“wind-fall. I was *perdigiously* shocked
“to hear of poor dear Mr. Sloper’s *af-*
“*signation*. His death was strangely im-
“*mature*.”

I replied, “You are certainly misin-
“formed, in this particular. That gen-
“tleman was not assassinated.”

She sat jogging her foot, and looking
extremely discontented. “No matter *how*
“he came by his misfortune; I know my
“niece has lost a fine settlement by his
“death.”

Unable to endure a repetition of her
severe loss, Miss hastily arose, saying,
as she left the room, she should not
have cared had it happened a week later;
her tears flowing at the idea of her lost
dignity.

What worthless principles does that
girl act upon, equally influenced by avarice
and vanity. How contradictory their

operations! And yet, in *her* breast, how closely allied!

Mrs. Saunders was silent, but soon went on, observing, "There must be a "strange *consternation* of circumstances to "bring about that shocking affair;" adding, with the most insolent assurance, "Where people could *contrive* to be made "sole heir of a man's effects, she believed "it was an easy matter to blow up a "storm: but she cou'dn't be hanged for "thinking. For her part, nobody cou'd "say she meddled or made; but when "things were *so* plain!"—

Enraged at these unambiguous inuendoes, and possessing too much contempt for this worthless woman either to listen any longer to her ridiculous harangue, or to undertake a refutation of her infamous charge, I arose, and left the house in mute disgust, determined never more to enter this *learned* lady's doors.

My

My next visit was to Mrs. Tenby, who, I had heard, was returned to Swallow-Street, for the advantage of consulting an able and humane physician, who lives in that part of the town. The humble creature received me with extreme joy. I was pleased to see her tolerably cheerful. She certainly declines, but looks not much worse than when I last saw her.

"Dear madam, (said she,) have you
"pleaded for me with Lady Wilmot?"

I satisfied her with a promise that, as her ladyship was daily expected in England, I would undertake her cause the first time we met; adding the grateful intelligence I had lately received of her intended marriage with Lord D——.

The poor woman lifted up her hands;
"Thank heaven, then, (she cried,) that
"worthy sufferer will yet be happy, I have
"not totally destroyed her prospect of ma-
"trimonial felicity. Oh! madam, half
"my uneasiness on that lady's account

“ arisen from the uncertainty of her fate.
“ I knew not but my wickedness might
“ have added poverty to her other
“ misfortunes. For though Sir Henry
“ paid her board at the convent during
“ his life, yet I feared she had no one
“ afterwards whose good offices she might
“ claim!”

Mrs. Tenby then repeated her thanks for my lenient treatment of her at Highgate.

“ That treatment (said she) reconciled
“ me to life, and did more for me than
“ the college of physicians could have
“ have done. My mind is entirely settled.
“ I feel in general quite resigned.”

Our parting was solemn and affecting. Indeed, it was hastened by a hint I gave, that my husband had secured a decent competency for her use. This called forth the most grateful effusions, which I could not otherwise stop than by my sudden departure,

Farewell,

Farewell, my dearest; you are to suppose our kindest remembrance to each dear relative at Crawford-Abbey.

F. WILMOT.

Lady F. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

Sept. 5.

IF you are not too much tired with Ferguson's identity, I have another anecdote of that unaccountable creature entirely at your service. He returned from Ingram some time before Sir Edward, who was detained by company at St. James's Coffee-house, so that I had the whole story from the sailor, which received much advantage from his manner of telling it. What my husband said, upon this occasion, I gathered afterwards from himself. But remember, you are now listening to Ferguson, who repeated the affair to me several times, as I was willing to connect the whole properly for your amuse-

amusement. Thus then began my droll informer.

“ Sir Edward being apprehensive that
“ Ingram would conceal himself, if we
“ sent in our names, took no notice to
“ the boy in his shop, but walked into a
“ snug little parlour; the same, madam, in
“ which I breakfasted, so much against
“ Timothy’s will, you know.—Well, in
“ we went, and caught the old rogue,
“ enjoying his pint of ale, and almost hid
“ in a fog of stinking tobacco; for the
“ pipe was as black as my hat. No
“ sooner did he see me peeping over Sir
“ Edward’s shoulder than he started, and
“ looked as furlly as a Saracen, and be-
“ gan to halloo out for Tom and Sall,
“ beginning where he left off, by bidding
“ them run that minute for a constable.

“ Spare your wind, Timothy, (says I)
“ peace is the word.”

“ I say *peace*, indeed, (whined the fa-
“ vage,) and who is to pay the surgeon for
“ curing

"curing my broken head? No, no; I'll
 "have you 'dited for 'fault and battery."

"Battering of what? (says I) not your
 "numscull, I hope? for that, like your
 "heart, is ten times harder than a cob-
 "ler's lap-stone."

"Sir Edward would interrupt me."

"I believe, (said he) you did not ex-
 "pect to see me, Mr. Ingram?"

"Why no. For the matter of that,
 "its a thing I neither expected nor de-
 "sired."

"Like enough, little Timmy, (says I)
 "you think there's no more bonds, notes,
 "or mortgages. Why you'd sell your
 "soul, if it had not been long ago dis-
 "posed of, for principle and interest."

"As to that there, I don't talk to *you*;
 "my lawyer will manage matters with
 "*you*; so be pleased for to howld *your*
 "tongue; but I must make so bowld for
 "to say, if as how Sir Edward expects
 "me to do any thing for him, why the short
 "and

"and the long is, I hafn't nothing to spare."

"That's a crammer, Ingram; for you *must* spare Sir Henry Wilmor's estate, ay and very soon too."

"And who towld you that? I wishes you wou'dn't put in *your* oar."

"Pray be silent, Ferguson, (said Sir Edward) I have bufiness of importance to transact with Mr. Ingram, and must not be interrupted!"

"You must think I did not like to have this embargo laid upon my tongue. Besides, I wanted to frighten the covetous hunks. So I only nodded, and said, Why you know, Sir Edward, he will be obliged to give up the estate. And as sure as you are alive, whatever was the meaning, he trembled like an aspen leaf, and turned as yellow as his favourite parchment."

"As to that there, I believes nobody has no right to make any demand upon

"that

"that estate for this many a good year to
"come."

"Be certain, Ingram, (answered Sir
"Edward,) I come to make no unlawful
"request.—Justice, assisted by the legisla-
"tive power, will execute my intention."

"Why pray now, if a body may be so
"bowld, what *may* be your *intention*?
"Here you comes, without rhyme or
"reason, attacking a man, as one may
"say, in his castle; for my house is my
"castle, as I say. Now I should be glad
"for to know what it is you mean."

"I mean to demand my own!"

"Your *own*! (and he looked with such
"a spiteful, keen, yet stupid, grin!) Lord!
"Lord! pray how long has it been *yours*?"

"Your husband began to look angry,
"but tried to smother it, and Ingram
"went on.

"Why you don't pretend for to say
"there is any flaw in the writings?"

"I mean

“ I mean not (said Sir Edward) to
“ tax you with any collusion in that
“ transaction. But you can have no ob-
“ jection to giving up your claim for a
“ safe and adequate consideration.”

“ Pray, Sir Edward, (answered the
“ mistrustful puppy) who has employed
“ *you* in this business?”

“ Suppose I choose to take it into my
“ own hands.”

“ Y—e—s! but I think it in very good
“ hands already. I imagine you would
“ give *leg-bail* for it, eh!”

“ May be, (says I,) old square-toes, you
“ might be satisfied with *foot* security;
“ shall I write a copy of it on your *stern*?”

“ He clapped his back against the fire-
“ place, not willing, may be, to receive
“ it before witness, and by so doing,
“ knocked down a china mug, out of
“ which he had been drinking his ale,
“ and, upon our sudden entrance, had
“ popped it upon a narrow mantle-piece,
“ fearing,

"fearing, most likely, we should expect
"to share it.

"There, (says he, in a crying tone)
"there goes my fine old china mug, that
"my aunt Mumford gave me, for saving
"up fardings enough to buy her little
"dog a collar."

"Taking up the broken pieces, he
"tried to splice 'em, but it would not do.
"This accident crossed him so much,
"that he would hardly listen to an expla-
"nation of your husband's business, and
"seemed ready to hang himself for vexa-
"tion, when he found it was to claim
"the precious mortgage. We, in a man-
"ner, forced him to go to the Temple
"upon this occasion, but had not ge-
"tten half way down the street when he recol-
"lected he had on his brown plush cap,
"blue sleeves, and greasy bib and apron.
"However, with much ado, we got
"the surly ruffian to go back, and be
"properly rigged; but no persuasions
"would

"would induce him to get into a coach,
 "and it did not suit Sir Edward to let him
 "go alone, least he should give us the
 "flip. He was so devilish sulky, all the
 "way, there was no getting a word
 "from him, and you may be sure I tried
 "to provoke him to speak."

"Sir Edward went from the Temple to
 "the St. James's Coffee-house; but, some-
 "how or other, the matter was not finished,
 "so Ingram and I came from the temple
 "together. He trudged away, but I soon
 "followed, though unable to come up with
 "him till we got to Fleet-Market. De-
 "termined not to lose his company, so
 "soon, I said, or og or mih bapto, pti "

"Harkee, old boy, let's go to some
 "tavern; you and I mustn't part with dry
 "lips. Let us have a bottle of wine."

"He still kept up his abominable pace,
 "and, turning his stupid head, tove wotl "

"A bottle of wind, hay?—Pray, (says
 "he, with an ugly leer) haven't you got an

"estate

“estate to mortgage too? For what with
 “your bottles of *wind* and *my* lawyer’s
 “bill, I fancies you won’t have much
 “money to spare. And indeed I thinks
 “you treads in a certain parson’s steps.”

“Estate! Not I, faith, daddy; not
 “an inch of land; no, not even a single
 “pawn to dispose of. But stop, (and I
 “laid hold of his shoulder,) don’t be in
 “such a devilish hurry, here is a terrible
 “shower coming on, suppose we stand
 “under this gateway. We did, till the
 “rain was over; he all the time lament-
 “ing the fate of his Sunday-coat, and ac-
 “cusing me for making him put it on.
 “Luckily for the coat, the shower ceased,
 “and we stepped forward; when, cros-
 “sing the way, a chimney sweeper (de-
 “signedly, no doubt) ran insolently a-
 “gainst him, capsised the poor devil,
 “and unluckily turned him the wrong
 “end upwards upon the grate of a com-
 “mon-sewer, which received the contents

" of several Fleet-Market kennels. It so
 " happened, from the hasty shower, the
 " gross parts could not enter the drain,
 " and were driven of an heap, so that In-
 " gram could scarcely free himself from
 " the delicious bed, and he scrambled
 " about, like an eel in the mud, hallooing,
 " notwithstanding his filthy situation,

" Stop that there boy, somebody; I'll
 " warrant I'll have him before the sitting
 " alderman. I'll make an example of
 " him."

" Right enough, Timothy, (says I,)
 " for he made a dirty one of *you*. It was
 " but a mistake though; he took you for
 " a nine-pin, because you are biggest
 " about the middle. But come, don't lie
 " a-bed all day; turn out, I say.—

" He got up, by my assistance, calling
 " out,

" Marcy on me, what a pickle am I
 " in! Will nobody stop that there joulter-
 " head?

"head? If ever I catch him, he shall
 "smart for it."

"And then, looking at me.

"But pray what are you laughing at?

"I suppose, if the truth was known,
 "that you was at the bottom of all this
 "here mischief."

"No, no, Timmy; *you* was at the
 "bottom of it, if one may judge by your
 "foul rigging and your dirty hulk. But
 "get into dock as fast as you can, a little
 "scraping will set all matters to rights.
 "However, if you think *I* served ye
 "this trick, it is but splicing it to the
 "end of your lawyer's bill.

"He stamped with passion, and turned
 "from me to go up Snow-Hill, followed
 "by a croud of boys, hallooing, hooting,
 "and clapping their hands, though the
 "smell of his garments kept them at
 "some little distance.—I had the curiosity
 "to watch his motions, and observed
 "him beckon to a coachman, in New-

“gate-Street. The fellow hastily drew
“up, and presently I heard him halloo
“out,

“*I* carry you to *Sorditch* in that stink-
“ing condition! Why I’d as soon——

“And then he made use of a coarse
“expression, swearing, as he mounted his
“box, the old fellow, if he had his will,
“should be well ducked before he should
“see the inside of a *Christian* coach.—But
“how poor Ingram got to *Sorditch*, as he
“called it, I don’t know.”

I think Ferguson should have seen the
unfortunate usurer home, as the mob
might have used him ill; but he swears
there was no danger of that, for no one
would venture within gun-shot of his car-
case, especially if they were keen scented;
adding, *he* was well enough pleased to
get to windward of him.

What an unhappy expedition this was
for Ingram!—Perhaps it is well, too, that
Ferguson leaves town to-day, or he might
contrive

contrive some new scheme to mortify the poor wretch, in spite of his threats of revenge.

I shall write again as soon as any thing transpires worth relating. Adieu, my dear.

F. WILMOT.

P. S.

My husband seems suspicious of Ingram's conduct, relative to the estate, and means to examine Sir Henry's papers more particularly.

From the same to the same.

Sept. 12.

A Letter from France gives us to expect the arrival of Lord and Lady D——. His lordship calls upon Sir Edward to felicitate him on his happy union with the excellent Olivia, and in the most graceful manner takes notice of your Frances. He writes, that we must by no means think of leaving Orchard-Street upon this intelligence, as the house is suf-

ufficiently convenient for both families. But, my dear, we are determined not to distress this polite and *friendly* nobleman, (with pleasure I can call him such,) by encumbering him at a time when every room, I am certain, may be usefully employed. Though, indeed, we cannot possibly remove before they arrive.

Thus kindly does *her ladyship* demand my congratulation on her marriage.

“ Rejoice, with your Olivia, sweet and
“ ever amiable lady, upon this blessed
“ turn of fortune. Yesterday saw me, by
“ the most holy sacrament of matrimony,
“ united to the only person whose atten-
“ tion, after my late loss, can give me
“ pleasure. My venerable mother shed a
“ tear of joy when she consigned her once
“ unfortunate daughter to the care of this
“ best of men. To add to my happiness,
“ I shall again see my gentle sister. With
“ Olivia shall she share peace and content.
“ Oh! that Heaven, oh! that the blessed
“ Mother

“Mother of God, would condescendingly
 “look upon my Frances; that she would
 “open her eyes to the blessings that await
 “a converted state! Certainly that con-
 “version would enable her to enjoy a
 “purer degree of happiness, even in *this*
 “world, than can possibly inhabit the
 “bosom of a heretic!”

How sedulously does this truly good
 catholic labour for what *she* thinks my
 soul's welfare. It will mix in her conver-
 sation, I doubt not, when we meet; but,
 when she sees my fixed determination, po-
 liteness will induce her to give over the
 vain attempt. Her mother sends her
 warmest wishes for my happiness. Good
 creatures! I am indebted at least to their
intention; that, I am convinced, is pure.

Sept. 15.

They are come, my dear. We received
 a note, last night, importing their design
 of being with us this morning; and, in

the kindest terms, they most pressing-ly entreated our stay in London. About eleven o'clock a post coach and four drove up to the house, from which alighted the expected travellers. My revered Lady D—— sprung to my arms, with a grateful tear. Her lord received my felicitation with every mark of satisfaction, and Olivia's mother seemed excessively happy; but, for some minutes, all was joyful confusion. I need not describe their sensations, when informed of Vernon's catastrophe, and our consequent prosperity; nor could I do justice to their expressive congratulations.

I took the earliest opportunity to fulfil my promise to Mrs. Tenby, respecting Lady D——'s absolution of her past offences. The kind Olivia heard me out very patiently, but started and changed colour at the first mention of a person through whose unjustifiable conduct she had suffered such exquisite anguish.

When

When I had done, she arose from her seat, walked to the window, looking apparently upon the passing objects, but probably without distinguishing a single person. She heaved several deep sighs; I attended in silence her pathetic emotions, but would not interrupt those meditations which I hoped might turn out in favour of my poor petitioner. At last she said,

“And is Mrs. Tenby *indeed* the penitent you describe? Is it a truth that my pardon will be necessary to her future happiness? But what a needless question! Lady Wilmot cannot deceive.”

She paused again. Again turned to the window and wept. At last—“She must be very miserable, if *her* sorrows equal *my* wrongs. Indeed, I greatly feel for her. You say she is sincerely sorry for her past transgressions?”

I assured her of the poor woman's ardent wishes for forgiveness.

“I be-

“I believe you, dear madam, (she replied.) Pray, do you imagine a visit from me would discompose her too much?”

“Most certainly, Lady D——. I could not answer for the consequence, nor should wonder if she fell dead at your feet.”

“Well, but suppose you prepare her by a note?”

I shook my head.

“Believe me, (she added,) I mean not to triumph in her sufferings, but am unaccountably desirous to see the person I once detested, and now would do any thing to serve.”

“Excuse me, dear lady, for repeating, that your presence might possibly finish her existence, so strong a sense has she of your injuries.”

“Holy Mary forbid! My intentions are of the most benevolent kind. Not for the world would I have her consider

“Olivia

“Olivia D—— as her enemy. It occurs
 “to me, Mrs. Tenby professed the ca-
 “tholic religion; certainly, therefore, I
 “must be in my duty, while administer-
 “ing consolation to one within the pale
 “of our church.”

The enigma was now solved. This
 zealous devotee meant either to make a
 convert, supposing her a Protestant, or
 else to confirm her in what the good lady
 calls the *right way*.

“Do not (said the unperfuadable Oli-
 “via) think hardly of me for continuing
 “to desire an interview. But I must go
 “to-morrow, and *you* surely will accom-
 “pany me.”

I made no farther objection, but retired
 to write the following billet,

LET not my dear Mrs. Tenby be
 shocked at a visit she will to-morrow
 receive from one who impatiently wishes
 to dispense pardon and peace from a for-
 giving

giving heart. It is scarcely necessary, after the above hint, to announce Lady D——, late Wilmot, as the consoling friend to whose intended kindness Mrs. T. will be indebted for her future tranquility. You may depend upon my presence on the arduous occasion.

Ever yours, F. WILMOT.

Mrs. TENBY to Lady WILMOT.

I Cannot see her ladyship. The very apprehension has convulsed my feeble frame. Not even your supporting tenderness can induce me to think of this visit with patience. My feelings are intolerable. Dear awful Lady D——, do not, by persisting in your intention, hasten my demise; for too surely, so great is my terror, I shall fall an immediate victim to your resentment. Plead for me, my esteeme advocate, plead for me with that injured lady. Overcome, by your nervous arguments, an inclination which,

which, I doubt not, arises from a noble spirit. But I cannot see her. The thought distracts your wretched

E. TENBY.

Poor thing, how distressing must be her situation! I gave her letter to Olivia, she reddened, while reading it.

“ Surely, my sister, I am not so terrible, (said she.) The unhappy Eliza, by her note, seems to expect a severe judge instead of a tender participating friend. But it must not be. I will to-morrow convince her how erroneously she conceives my character.”

In Continuation.

Sept. 16.

It is over, Louisa. But before I enter into particulars, let me tell you we enjoyed a charming evening. The conversation turned upon our past troubles and present

present happiness. Fruitful themes, my sister, considering the parties. Our kind friends again expressed the utmost delight at the favourable alteration in our circumstances. Matrimony has already performed wonders on his lordship. Though every degree of uxorious indelicacy is banished his words and actions, yet you may perceive the most perfect tenderness dignified with such respect as raises his lady's consequence without diminishing his own. In *her* carriage the utmost decorum, tempered with a modest freedom, is clearly evinced; and she has taken occasion to hint to me how much more pleasing is a life of comfort than one of tumultuous rapture, which too often degenerates into the opposite extreme. Perhaps the sober age of *thirty-two* may contribute to strengthen her in the opinion. Indeed, I have often thought those censures extremely unjustifiable which fall, from the mouths of persons who have attained

attained the grand climacteric, upon the thoughtless actions of passion-guided youth. Perhaps, if the truth were known, some of those, who are so liberal of invectives, are more indebted for their established characters to the taciturnity of their neighbours, than to their own unerring conduct, in that most dangerous season of dissipation. But how digressive has my reflection on *thirty-two* rendered me!

This friendly couple positively insist we shall not quit Orchard-Street till every thing is prepared for our convenience at Brenchley. We have not power to contend with such resolute goodness, so shall remain here perhaps a fortnight longer.

And now for the subject which must be very interesting to my Louisa, and will undoubtedly draw a tender tear from her mild eye.

Lady D—— and myself went in chairs to Swallow-Street. I sent in my name, and was introduced alone to Mrs. Tenby.

She

She looked shockingly. Her eyes red and swelled, with an affecting wildness in them.

“Tell me, tell me, (said she, clasping her hands, and bursting into a fresh flow of tears,) have you brought Lady D—— with you? Am I indeed to see her? Your alarming note has prevented my taking a moment’s rest the whole night. O, madam, it must not be.” And she sobbed with inconceivable violence.

“Be calm, my dear creature. I will answer for the happy issue of this visit. It is a comforting friend who waits to seal your pardon, and take to her bosom an unfortunate sufferer.”

“No, no; (she cried) I cannot stand it.”—

And was proceeding, when in came her ladyship. The distressed invalid shrieked mournfully, and fainted upon my shoulder. Terrified at the consequence I had before predicted,

predicted, Lady D—— ran about the room in agonies, too much frightened to call for assistance, or offer any herself.

“Blessed Virgin! (she exclaimed,) what have I done!”

Then, kneeling before the insensible object, she gazed with terror upon her contracted features.

“Forgive me, poor creature, as I forgive you.—But, oh! heavens, she is dead! and there is no possibility of her receiving absolution. I thought to have beheld in her a sincere convert. I thought to have rejoiced in her thorough reformation. But no expence shall be wanting to lessen her pains in purgatory.”

“Hush, dear madam, (I cried;) she is only in a fit. For God’s sake, ring the bell.”

She did, and we applied some restoratives, which immediately took effect. The unhappy woman opened her languid

eyes, fixing them upon Olivia, and then, closing them, sunk against me, not able to bear the sight of one she so much dreaded. Her ladyship retired to a distant chair, and wept bitterly. Mrs. Tenby turned her face that way, and, rising, with difficulty crept along by the wainscot, for she would not be otherwise supported. Sinking before Lady D——, she said, in a trembling voice, “Are those precious “drops shed for a wretch like me?” Then, looking up, “Where is the bolt “that should pierce this corrupted heart?”

“Rise, dear Mrs. Tenby, (said the “generous Olivia) never let the late trans- “actions distress your softened mind. I “will be your sympathising friend, and “endeavour to lessen your keen sense of “past mistakes.”

“No.—At your feet, angelic woman, “at *your* feet, may I meet my destiny.”

“For God’s sake, harrow not my soul “by such pity-moving expressions. Rise,

“I en-

"I entreat you to rise, or I shall sink to
"the earth."

"Yes, I will rise.—But, God of justice,
"canst thou permit me to breathe in this
"injured presence?"

She feebly got up, and I assisted her to
an armed chair. She sunk back; one
hand hung over the elbow next to her la-
dyship, who was almost suffocated with
tears. With pleasure I beheld Olivia take
the hand that was next her, and kiss it
with the utmost fervency.

This act revived Mrs. Tenby, and she
said, "Oh! this goodness will burst my
"heart.—*What* a reward for the basest in-
"gratitude!"

Lady D—— arose, crying, "Be as-
"sured of my full and free pardon for
"every past offence. Long enough have
"you lamented those offences. It will be
"prudent to view the bright side of a
"picture, the contemplation of which
"has given you such dreadful disturbance.

“Resume your tranquility, and depend
“upon my earnest petition to the Mother
“of God in your behalf.”

She then embraced the dejected creature, who was too much affected to speak another word; and her ladyship turned to leave the room, but entreated I would stay with Mrs. Tenby till she was more composed.

I *did* stay the afternoon with her, and strove to give the conversation a cheerful cast; but she was too weak, and her spirits too much depressed, to take any considerable share in it. Indeed, I am afraid this shock will hasten her death. The message sent by the careful Mrs. Haines, this morning, gives me no reason to hope a favourable crisis to her lodger's illness. She was put to-bed exceedingly disordered, but sent her grateful compliments to us, with thanks for our friendly attention.

I have been waiting more than an hour to attend our agreeable *visitants* (if such they

they may be called) to Covent-Garden Theatre,

—————Where erst

The quibbling pun, the low illib'ral jest,
The laughter, moving power of mute grimace,
Supplied the place of genuine pointed wit,
And all the dignity of tragic lore
Was lost——

O may again the pity-beaming eye,
And heaving breast, that throbs responsive
To the melting plaint of sad Melpomene,
Evince the sweet emotions of the heart.

Indeed, my dear, the town of late
had much reason for this complaint; but,
I trust, the ensuing winter will produce
the tragic muse in her ancient glory; nor
am I without hope that the lovers of
genteel comedy will be gratified with
spirit, sense, elegance, and wit; but I
am sent for.

Adieu, my dearest; adieu, my beloved
parent.

F. WILMOT.

The Rev. Mr. JENKINS to Lady WILMOT.

Crawford-Abbey, Sept. 17.

Fate, drop the curtain.—*Can I wish for more?*

WILL my Frances justify her parent for thus reversing his favourite author's melancholy apostrophe? O, Lady Wilmot, the contrast between that excellent poet's fate and mine is inexpressibly striking! *He* mourned a lovely creature torn in the moment of felicity from his paternal arms.—*I* rejoice in the renewed happiness of a dutious daughter. *He* descended to the grave in the bitterness of sorrow, deprived of those who would have sweetened that most trying period of existence. *I* enjoy the comfortable hope of resigning a contented soul in the arms of my tender offspring. With transport do I contemplate the rich amends heaven has made my darling for her past sufferings. But yet, let me cast an eye back to the time (it is not long since) when the cloud
of

of disappointment drew so thick a curtain before your hopes, as totally to exclude a gleam of comfort. How felt the best of women in those trying hours? Amiable creature! she was all resignation. No irreverend complaints against heaven, for those undeserved calamities, destroyed my exalted opinion of her patience. Nobly did she bear up against accumulated troubles, and never but once betrayed the *tendernefs* of her nature, for I will not call it *weakness*.

What a night was that, when the thunder, added to the most dreadful apprehensions, shook her delicate nerves! When the darting lightning dashed in pieces the aged elm, and scattered the melted glass about the room! When I found my gentle creature the pale cold image of despair, and in her expressive countenance beheld what will never, while life remains, be absolutely expunged from the tablet of memory. No, I cannot wish to forget

what my daughter *was*, it will serve but to heighten my rapturous sense of what *she is*. Your other friends, too, how must they rejoice at your felicity! It is almost enough to make the soldier forget his crutch, and the sailor his long-lost Peggy. Nay, more.—It can teach decrepid age cheerfully to bear its infirmities, and gratefully to dictate the song of praise; enabling, by its efficacy, a feeble mortal to rehearse the wonders of an all-glorious Deity. With honest pride can I trace thy progressive virtues through every vicissitude of a changeable life. When, placed above an undistinguishing world, you dazzled the weak, extorted envy from the malevolent, and admiration from the good, then was my Fanny affable, generous, charitable. When suddenly torn from that unstable situation, and subjected to the cruellest mortifications, different excellencies displayed their power. For then thou wast humble, steady, resigned.

And

And now attend to the wishes of thy delighted father. Since again we see thee restored to opulence, may thy calm intrepid mind be now, as ever, steady to its noble bias, and the blandishments of this world be lightly esteemed. May thy lovely offspring rise the true epitome of their parents useful virtues.

You affectionately wish for our continual residence at Brenchley; but, my dear child, I cannot leave a place so properly calculated for the indulgence of my infirmities. Here I can meditate uninterruptedly on the last awful scene of mortality; beneath the venerable yews that shade our Gothic porch I can indulge my wearied limbs; nor is the contiguity to Crawford Church the smallest inducement to my love of this place. It may be deemed a weakness, perhaps; but, my dear, I am partial to the spot under whose grassy sod my poor remains must rest. However, we will rejoice with you,
if

if my health continues, as soon as you shall be settled at that charming place. Louisa longs to visit you at your agreeable habitation; but Crawford-Abbey must not be totally abandoned. Should your happy father's days be lengthened, he means to make an annual appearance in your family. The lively scene of rural occupations will be pleasingly contrasted, at his return, by the sober silence of his solitary mansion, which you well know meets with little interruption but from the whistling winds through the large unfashionable rooms and vaulted entrance, and the solemn hooting of the sagacious bird of night. Observe, I speak but of the winter; for, in the cheerful seasons of the year, we can boast as much harmony as ever sweetened the retirement of age.

Your sister writes by this post, therefore I shall leave to her the ceremony of a formal

formal conclusion.—So she has taken up the pen.

Miss JENKINS in Continuation.

Yes indeed, my dear Frances; but our father is mistaken. I hate formality between relations. What, when my little heart is palpitating with the expectation of embracing a sister I so truly love, *then* to express myself in cold and unindearing terms. No really, I feel too powerful emotions of delight to think of insipid *form*.—Besides, sister, I have a secret to disclose.—What think you of a *matrimonial* proposal? It is absolutely true, my dear; and from one whom many lasses would think eligible. No less than the rosy vicar of F—— has fallen a sacrifice to my potent charms; and found some attractions in your Louisa's *plain* face, (*rough*, I should have said,) for I do think he has mistaken those scars, which are so pleasingly scattered up and down my *agreeable* visage,

visage, by that beauty-killing distemper, the small-pox, for dimples! And what is better, he is possessed of a good three hundred a year, abundance of tythes, and fifty other advantages. Then he is most intolerably enamoured! professes so much love, so much sincerity, so much impatience, that—in short, I rather suspect his want of all three. To be sure, his age is—sixty-seven.—His person not the *most* engaging; immoderately corpulent, short, and subject to a good substantial cough, &c. &c. Now pray don't laugh, child. For though so uncommonly lusty, it is not owing to the indolence of his temper; *that*, I assure you, is invariably obstinate and splenetic, and he is deemed to be voraciously greedy.

Well, my dear, is it in nature to resist such extraordinary qualifications? No, you answer. Why, then, to give you an instance of my moderation, I have—*refused* *him*.

Seriously

Seriously, I was afraid my father rather inclined to his suit, till I heard his opinion, and then was happy to find it coincided with my own, I might have reserved this curious intelligence till we had worn out every other subject of conversation at Brenchley; but I did not wish that the communication should interrupt what must be infinitely more pleasing.

If *Ferguson* indeed were to apply.— But I suppose his *Peggy's* accident has shut up every avenue to his heart, and perhaps I might urge a more successful claim to his *charity* than his *love*. *Ingram*, you say, is married; so there are no hopes there.—Poor little *Timmy*, I hope his garments are restored to their original purity.

Forgive this rattle from your truly affectionate

L. JENKINS.

Lady

Lady WILMOT to the Rev. Mr. JENKINS.
Orchard-Street, Sept. 29.

THANK you, my revered, and shall I say, *partial*, correspondent? for your kind and tender epistle. Oh how sweet is praise from a parent's pen! You did not suspect, my dearest sir, the consequence of such encomiums; they have made me *proud*.

Little did you think, while guarding your Frances against other weaknesses, you were encouraging her in what you detest. I am *indeed* proud; but let me undeceive you; I am proud of *your* approbation; and am truly happy to find my general conduct has met with a father's sanction. But yet there is a circumstance in your letter which saddens my heart. You will not live at Brenchley. This is a disappointment. But, my good sir, I shall not contend with your inclination. Permit me to see you, as soon as possible, with my faucy sister, who could so easily
 refuse

refuse the rosy vicar. Surely she means not to act always thus. But let me tell you, sister, to your utter mortification, that Ferguson will not prevent the stigma that falls upon old maids from being your portion, and has authorised me to declare his heart is *indeed* too much mortified to form a wish in favour of another. We intend leaving London to-morrow. Our friends cannot bear the idea of parting with us, and declare they will visit us early next spring. Lord D—— is exceedingly disturbed at Edward's resolution, but our departure is absolutely necessary, as their house is quite ready. Adieu.

F. WILMOT.

Lady F. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS.

Brenchley, Oct. 5.

WE have had a most delightful journey hither. Your pretty Edward bore it exceedingly well. He is a charming little fellow, Louisa.

My

My emotions, at sight of our comfortable mansion, were too powerful for concealment. Good God! when last I quitted this peaceful habitation, it was to attend a beloved husband under an unjust confinement, almost penniless, nearly friendless, and entirely hopeless of a sudden favourable change.—Now, pleasure, affluence, nay, what is more, content, mark every passing moment.

In Continuation.

October 16.

Just God! what new troubles are preparing for us? How vainly did I hope a total exemption from those perplexities which have hitherto followed in such quick succession as scarcely to allow breathing-time. Sir Henry's deceptions, Ingram's merciless triumph, the excellent bishop's death, Ward's cruel arrest, have been so many dismal days in our calendar of life; and, though enlightened by a
mixture

mixture of sunshine, yet has it hitherto borne no proportion to those heavy hours of calamity. Understand me, Louisa; I speak not at *present* of pecuniary distress; that we are pretty well secured against by the certainty of Sir Henry's estate reverting to its right owner. But this is of a nature that can only be explained by an attention to the inclosed letters.

Mrs. VERNON to Sir EDWARD WILMOT.

No. 7, Bedford-Row, Oct. 13.

IT is, I believe, clearly against the intention of the legislature that the *widow* of Rodolphus Vernon is to be deprived of the means of subsistence by the oral declaration of a dying husband. Nor have I the smallest doubt that justice will be done to an unhappy woman, who came from Jamaica ignorant of the shocking catastrophe which reduces her to the necessity of commencing a knowledge of Sir Edward Wilmot by an act of hostility.

On this he may depend, that I am in possession of a will which entitles me to the *whole* estate of R. Vernon, and next week intend to prove the same.

M. VERNON.

Sir EDWARD'S Answer.

Brenchley, Oct. 14.

THE person, who signs herself Vernon, will do well to consider she must prove her marriage with my deceased uncle before she can claim under the will she mentions. Added to this, I would wish to inform her, that, in consequence of my administration, one year must elapse before she can reap any advantage from the bequest, should she even be entitled to the estate so peremptorily demanded.

EDWARD WILMOT.

Mrs.

Mrs. VERNON to Sir EDWARD WILMOT.

THE flimsy pretence, respecting the validity of my marriage, which you are happy to catch at, is not of the slightest importance in this business, the property being left to Mary Vernon, (which *name* I derive from my father) residuary legatee and *sole* executrix of Mr. V——'s last will, and is consequently mine by birth as well as marriage.

Unhappily for me, my husband left Jamaica from motives he thought proper not to divulge; but, distracted at his absence, I sailed for England in pursuit of him, and fortunately brought the important writing with me.

M. VERNON.

Lady WILMOT in Continuation.

My dear Wilmot, since the last letter arrived, has determined to wait upon Lord D——, whose sincere and zealous friendship will, he hopes, point out some

L 2

method

method of investigation. He has left several papers at his lordship's of our uncle's, which may probably throw some light upon this mysterious demand, the legality of which he greatly doubts. What strengthens his opinion of the fallacy is, her not employing a *proper* person on the occasion, but abruptly, and I believe unprecedentedly, making such an important claim as seems more the operation of a disturbed brain than the forcible and affecting request of an unhappy widow.

Adieu, my dearest. Come with our kind parent as soon as possible to your

F. WILMOT.

Sir EDWARD WILMOT to his Lady.

Orchard-Street.

MY beloved will believe I have seized the first opportunity to assure her of my health and safety, as well as to inform her of a very extraordinary occurrence, arising from a strict examination

nation of those papers left with our kind friend. Those belonging to my uncle gave no light into the affair that brought me hither; but in an old pocket-book of Sir Henry's I found a memorandum of the term of years for which his estate is mortgaged; not *fifteen*, as Ingram informed me, and I believed *then*, having nothing to disprove his allegations, but *ten* years, Frances!—Now, what security can bind a man who, under the appearance of gravity and œconomy, conceals vices he can have no temptation to commit? How deplorably careless was my brother, in his last illness, to omit giving me that paper? And what a dupe to this old villain not to discover the fraud when the counter-deed was executed!

No longer do I wonder at Ingram's sifting questions, when we last met, or his awkward excuses to put off the settlement, It is plain he wanted to be assured that I possessed not any token whereby his base-

ness might be detected. I have already consulted the learned and judicious Mr. W—— on this as well as the pretended Mrs. V——'s proceedings, and he has engaged to do his utmost to bring both causes to a speedy termination.

Would you suppose, Fanny, that Windus, who was Ward's lawyer in the wicked arrest, is employed by the plaintiff against your husband? A wretch, whose principles are absolutely to fleece every person who is unfortunate enough to trust him, as an honest man. He will undertake the most infamous *jobs*, without regard to his character. I would not, like many others, reflect upon a body of men merely for the faults of individuals, by whom they may have suffered, as there are numbers, whose genius, education, ay, and *principles* too, render them of the utmost importance to society. But this fellow is exactly what the generality of dramatic writers delineate, when they
would

would exhibit a lawyer, whom you are sure to find characterised as cunning, avaritious, dishonest, and without the smallest trait of compassion in his disposition.

Black must be that cause which Windus supports, and ignorant, unfriended, or designing, the client who depends upon his skill.

Nov. 10.

The woman was this morning examined in my presence, and declares herself to be the daughter of Mr. Vernon, a planter, of Port-Royal, in Jamaica, who was ruined by the last earthquake, which destroyed that town. She says she was married to my uncle in 1774. She produced no certificate, but assured us she had sent over for one. Her language by no means agrees with the style of her letters; it is low, — positively, vulgar. — She was in weeds, spoke in a whining tone, hesitating,

tating, and confused. She could not, or would not, look up, though I observed her to leer several times at her lawyer, as if fearful of saying what he should disapprove. Once I perceived him frown at her, and bite his lips. It was evident that neither she nor Windus expected any one but Mr. W. as they appeared surprised to see me.

Certainly, my love, however strongly she may enforce her claim, it is more by the power of some secret agent than the justice of her cause. Indeed, I suspect the whole to be a contrivance of some needy sharper, who has more wit than money, and more villainy than wit.

I have just now heard that Ward has received his majesty's pardon, and is once more turned loose upon a world that needs no greater curse than his power and inclination to do mischief. It would be a benefit to the public to confine that wretch again; but, were I to prosecute him for
the

the fraud practised upon me, it must make his wife again unhappy. For the present, at least, he must be at liberty.

It is impossible to tell my Frances precisely *when* I can return to Brenchley; but, happen when it may, your admirers, Lord and Lady D—— declare they will accompany me. So you will have *treble* reason to wish the arrival of your faithfully affectionate

E. WILMOT.

P. S.

I have executed your commission to Mrs. Tenby. She prays for and blesses her dear ladies D—— and Wilmot. She really seems better.

Sir EDWARD to Lady WILMOT.

Nov. 20.

THANK you, my dear Fanny, for the tender epistle*. I have just now received. I will immediately return the obligation,

* This letter does not appear.

obligation, by telling you *nothing* keeps me now in London but the difficulty (which still remains) of settling with Ingram. My resolution of leaving this place is in consequence of a most astonishing discovery, produced by another meeting with Mr. Windus and his client. But, before I explain, I will copy a letter written by that impudent lawyer.

ARTHUR WINDUS to Sir E. WILMOT.

SIR,

OVercome by your unjustifiable obstinacy in contesting a suit which, from your known probity, admitted not a doubt of success, and pressed by creditors who supplied Mrs. Vernon, my client, with necessaries, at her arrival, on promise of speedy payment, said client is willing to compromise with defendant for five thousand pounds, to be paid before the 25th of December. And if said defendant will discharge costs of suit, plaintiff

tiff will sign an instrument, empowering defendant to enjoy the late Mr. Vernon's estate,

ARTHUR WINDUS.

In Continuation.

My friend W—— was happy to have this proof of their duplicity, ignorance, and the weakness of their cause. I returned an ambiguous answer, and appointed a meeting at the Temple Coffee-House. Ferguson, whose friendship entitles him to every consideration, as usual, eagerly pressed to be of the party. I gave him permission to join us. He rubbed his hands exultingly, saying,

“By the Lord Harry, if I catch her tripping, down she goes. Nay, Sir Edward, don't look serious; never fear, I'll be quiet enough; but I should like to give that rogue Windus a broadside.”

The lady and her emissary were waiting for us. Windus changed colour at sight of

of

of Lord D——, having once before seen him upon a very disagreeable occasion. He went to his client, whispered something that produced a striking change in *her* features; but, as his lordship appeared not to recollect the lawyer, he recovered himself, and opened the business with an air of self-promised success.

My counsellor attended in profound silence, fixing his eye upon Windus with a keenness that rather disturbed the *gentleman*, and checked his fluent expression; but he finished his plausible tale without opposition.

After a minute's silence; — “Upon what (said Mr. W——) do you ground your expectations of Sir Edward's consent to these *proposals*?”—significantly pronouncing the word.

“Upon *his* justice and the lady's injuries.”

“Say, rather, upon your dependance on his easiness. But, pray, do you suppose

"suppose your client the *real* and *sole* re-
 "fiduary legatee and executrix to the
 "deceased Mr, Vernon?"

"You ask a strange question.—Most
 "certainly I do."

"And yet you advise her to give up
 "her claim for *five thousand pounds*."

"Her distresses demand immediate re-
 "lief."

"Humph, a *charitable* advocate truly!
 "Are you really so ignorant as to counte-
 "nance"—

He was proceeding, when, the waiter
 announcing a gentleman, *Ferguson* was
 admitted. He took his seat by the lady.
 She turned to view him,—started,—drew
 her bonnet close over her face,—and,
 rising in great disorder, was leaving the
 room, but not quick enough to escape
 the hawk-eyed captain. He jumped up,
 caught hold of her cloak with one hand,
 and rather rudely pulled back her bonnet
 with the other. This done, he roared
 out,

out, with a voice of contempt and glad surprise,

“G—d z—ds! madam! is it *you*?

“What, are *you* the *poor injured abused*

“widow of Mr. Vernon! Take in a reef,

“my las; you’re upon a wrong tack.

“We mustn’t part yet.”

We were all astonished at this violent address.—The woman looked as pale as death, and tottered back to the chair, supported by the happy captain, who enjoyed his triumph.

“Upon my soul, Sir Edward, (said

“he,) you’ve got a powerful enemy

“here—no less than the *poor* unfortunate”

She interrupted him.—“Say no more,

“for God’s sake.—Do not expose me be-

“fore these gentlemen. Do not tell my

“name, and I sacredly promise to make

“Sir Edward all the amends in my

“power.”

“*Not tell your name!* Why how the

“devil are you to make *amends* then?

“Come,

“Come, come, lower your black flag,
“hoist your own colours, and let the world
“see what a pretty deceiver Mrs. ——”

She stopped him again; but *I* inter-
fered.

“Ferguson, you *know* this woman. In-
“form us directly who she is.”

His answer almost petrified me.

“*Mary Ward*, by jingo!”—

Lord D——, nearly overcome with
passion, seized her by the shoulder, fury
sparkling in his eyes.—

“Woman, who put you upon this in-
“fernal piece of treachery?”

She fell on her knees.—“For pity’s
“sake, my lord, please your honour,
“have a little patience. Indeed, please
“your grace, if you’ll forgive me, I’ll
“discover all.—Indeed, indeed, I will.—
“For the Lord’s sake, do not send me to
“jail. My wicked husband has brought
“me into this quandary.”

She

She hung about his knees; then came to me. I turned in scorn from her. She fell into an hysterical fit of crying. A female servant was charged with her, who conducted her into another room, the door of which was guarded by our lucky captain. He nodded his head, and said, with an air of importance, "Safe bind, safe find. There is no trusting a woman when she has mischief in her head. They'd deceive the old one."

So amazed we were, at this eclairsissement, as to permit her partner in the deceit to steal away during the bustle; and we have since heard he has absconded, with the horrid cause of all this mischief. You will guess I mean that scourge of mankind, Jacob Ward.

When Mrs. Ward (no longer Vernon) was recovered, Ferguson conducted her in. She came weeping, courtesying, and begging mercy. I bid her sit, and said, my forgiveness depended entirely on her

ac-

acquainting us with the whole of this infamous plot.

“Indeed, as I hope for salvation, you shall know every transaction, from first to last.”

She then drew forth a pocket-book, and, giving me a letter, I read as follows.

Mrs. WARD,

CAN you be secret as the grave? Can you get above the scruples of a timid conscience? Have you a wish again to be united to, and live in *plenty* with, your husband? Will you undertake to copy the inclosed letter to Sir Edward Wilmot?—If you *can*, and *will* do all this, let me know by a line.

Mr. Ward is not yet at liberty, but soon will be, and I am confined by an unlucky rheumatism, or would not trust to paper.

Your humble servant,

A. WINDUS.

P. S.

Do not inclose the requested copy in your answer. I will find some better method of obtaining it.

In Continuation.

I collected, from her confession, that she was so overcome with joy, at the thoughts of her husband's deliverance and the prospect of living in affluence with him, that she quite forgot what was to be the iniquitous purchase of these advantages. Upon again perusing the letter she was to copy, her heart recoiled at the treacherous design, and she firmly resolved not to engage in such a detestable scheme. For three days this commendable resolution held. But, on the fourth, hearing a voice in the street enquiring for her habitation, she went to the window, and beheld her husband and a stranger crossing the way. This appearance occasioned the most violent perturbations, and they ascended

ascended the stairs before she had power to determine upon a proper mode of behaviour.

“So, madam, (said Ward, as he entered the room,) you did not think proper to answer this gentleman’s letter. But, by the living G—d, if you do not, this very moment, comply with *my* request, here is something (and he produced a *loaded* pistol) shall punish your obstinacy.”

This address rendered her as supple as the villain could wish, and from that moment she embarked heartily in the cause. The plot (she said) was first laid by Ward, and for these reasons; having ever been used to a luxurious mode of life, it was death to be reduced to such a frugal method as he must have practised from the narrowness of his finances, and Mr. Vernon’s death, at that critical period, seemed to promise some probability of success, could he engage proper persons to assist in

the mischief he was meditating. His chief dependance was upon my liberal, or, as I should suppose, indolent, notions, and he vainly fancied, I would rather part with a round sum than go through a course of law; for he was not fool enough to imagine a possibility of carrying through the deceit. The scheme once formed, it was not difficult to find a person who could furnish limbs to the pernicious body, and Windus immediately undertook it, upon condition of receiving *half* the profits. Nothing then remained but to procure a female that should personate the plaintiff. Mrs. Ward was thought of; the letter was written; and her husband's violence we find soon terrified her into a ready concurrence with their designs. Handsome apartments were then taken, and the lady put on her weeds. They were much chagrined, she said, at my resolution to contest her right, and were determined, if I would give no more, to
lower

lower their demand even to five *hundred* pounds. Every thing was prepared, in case of a discovery, for their escape. She concluded with reiterated petitions for pardon. The strictest pursuit is making after the villains, whom I am now resolved to punish with the utmost severity of the law; for, should they elude my resentment in this particular, I will commence a prosecution for their former frauds.

We discharged the woman, after she had received the most sensible and affecting reprimand from the worthy counsellor, and two or three loud huzzas from the ungovernable captain. I have invited that honest creature to pass the winter with us in Suffex. He promised to meet me there, and is this day departed for Portsmouth, from whence he intends to coast it to Brenchley.

I hope this letter will close my corres-

pondence from London. Never may my beloved wife again be separated from her

E. WILMOT.

P. S.

I am sorry to contradict the information in my last; but our friends are prevented, by the heavy rains, from visiting my Fanny before Christmas. I have left the management of Ingram to Mr. W——, who has engaged for a speedy termination of that business.

Lady F. WILMOT to Miss JENKINS,

Brenchley; Dec. 14.

Positively, my dear Louisa, I am almost tempted to resolve the sweet attributes of charity, generosity, liberality, benevolence, or by whatever terms those social virtues may be denominated, into one word, *self-love*. What else could induce my Wilmot to practise them in such a large extent, but from the hope of reward *hereafter*. We are apt to associate the

the preceding term with our ideas of deceit, ingratitude, and narrow-mindedness; but who shall tell me that Ingram's, Ward's, and Mrs. W——'s vices, spring from that source. *Self-love*, if I apprehend the word aright, consists in our performance of those actions which may produce *future* advantage to us, not for *present* emolument; at least, if *soul* be *self*, which, in this light, I am willing to consider it. Undoubtedly there is a kind of *selfishness* reigns in the bosoms of worldly-minded people; but, in my opinion, it is as opposite to the laudable principle above described as *vanity* is to *pride*; the first leads the possessor into acts of meanness, the second guards him from them.

My beloved Edward's arrival has quite harmonized my disposition, and I feel myself inclinable to forgive the unworthy causes of his absence, since it has produced those rapturous sensations created by a happy meeting.

But who is that galloping through the avenue, and throwing up the dirt upon all sides of him? Louisa, it is Ferguson. He waves his hat, and encreases his speed, willing, I imagine, to shew his dexterity, and come in with spirit. His poor Rozinante's sides are white with foam, and gored with the impatient rider's spurs, nowing, sailor like, to the constant application of his merciless heels. So, he has missed the block, and alights head foremost. No matter, he is again on his legs. The man is certainly insane. I dread to encounter his tumultuous joy. Hark! I hear his shrill whistle, and must obey the summons. A pretty method, by the way, of announcing himself to a lady.

I had no sooner quitted the room than the following polite address sufficiently proclaimed the identity of its speaker—

“Halloo. — H—o—l—l—o, I say.

“What, no body on board! Sign the
“ship's

“ship’s in port, faith. Every body off
“duty.”

He met me in the passage.

“So, madam, you’ve not hoisted ano-
“ther flag yet, I see. High time, tho’.

“It’s a devilish while since the negro-
“whipper changed his station.”

“Custom, captain, requires these out-
“ward tokens of respect.”

“Custom be ——. But no matter, as
“long as you’ve secured the prize-money.

“But where’s Sir Edward? Is he not
“come home yet?”

“Yes; but he went this morning to
“Horsham, and does not return till
“evening.”

“Wish he would, faith.—Here, John,
“bring me a glass of brandy. The roads
“are confoundedly dirty, and the wind
“monstrous sharp on them what d’ye call
“’em downs.—Oh, bring it hither, my
“lad.—Why the dog has changed *his*
“countenance, too. What d’ye laugh at,

“ye

“ye son of a sinner! — But come, my
“ lady, here’s confusion to usury. — And
“ now I’ll have my boots off.”

The hearty sailor, when he was refreshed, and cleansed from the soil acquired by his equestrian expedition, congratulated me, on his singular success in discovering Mrs. Ward, with such unfeigned delight as to call the tears into my eyes.

Mr. W—— has already begun his operations against Ingram, and gives a humorous account of the old man’s behaviour, when palpably detected in his roguery. The counsellor informs Sir Edward that he may expect a visit from him, as he hinted a desire of seeing my husband, on this occasion, depending perhaps on his known lenity, and begging, in a whining piteous accent, that Mr. W—— would not proceed till he returned to London. As a confirmation of Ingram’s intention, Ferguson yesterday gave us a
diverting

diverting anecdote concerning him. I shall, as usual, deliver it in *his* language.

“ You know, Sir Edward, I meant to
 “ coast it from Portsmouth hither; but
 “ they told me the heavy rains had ren-
 “ dered the new-made road impassable.
 “ So I e’en went to town, and came
 “ through Croydon. Well, coming over
 “ the hill, in my hurrying way, I had
 “ like to have run foul of a single-horse
 “ chaise, that lay keel upwards near the
 “ side of the road. I stopped short, and,
 “ looking about me, discovered a man
 “ seated at a little distance upon the stump
 “ of a tree. I landed directly, and made
 “ up to him.

“ What cheer, messmate, (says I;) have
 “ you lost your course?”

“ He looked up, and upon my soul I
 “ cou’d’nt speak for laughing at the dis-
 “ mal figure. It was old Principle and
 “ Interest; faith it was. His wig was
 “ turned over one ear; the starboard
 “ lapper-

“ lappet of his coat torn off; but one
“ shoe on, and his face covered with
“ mud, which the rain (and it fell pretty
“ plentifully) cou’dnt wash away. He
“ put me in mind of a Dutch wreck. I
“ took hold of his long neckcloth, which
“ hung in geometry.

“ Why, little Timothy, (says I,) your
“ cloth shakes in the wind.”

“ He turned up his ferret eyes.”

“ Dear me, who sent for *you*? I’d ra-
“ ther see owld Nick by half.”

“ All in good time, daddy; you’ll
“ have enough of his company, when you
“ bring-to, I warrant.”

“ Without answering me, he broke into
“ a whining tone.”

“ Od rattle it, here’s a fine kettle of
“ fish! Lost all my money, by being
“ turned topsy-turvy; broke both my
“ shins, and tore the horse’s harness all to
“ pieces. This comes of extravagance;
“ I must keep a *shay*, with a murrain to
“ me,

"me. But where's my Sall, all this
 "time?"

"The insensible rascal had left Sall to
 "shift for herself. I looked round, and
 "discovered her mounted upon a piece of
 "timber, and busily employed in wiping
 "her frippery."

"Why here's a sad job, Ingram! (says
 "I;) miss looks as if she had been keel-
 "hauled! He quite flew at me."

"Well, and what's that to you? It's
 "all along of her foolishness; she tried
 "to jump, when the *shay* was going over,
 "and went right into the ditch, and so
 pulled me arter her."

"Come, come, don't be crusty, old
 "skin-flint; (answered I;) be but good-
 "humoured, and we'll try to set your
 "vessel afloat."

"This pacified him, and I strove to
 "right the rotten hulk. But it was worse
 "to raise than the Royal George. So I
 "e'en left it in the road, got upon my
 "horse, hoisted Sall behind me, and took

"Ingram

“Ingram in tow, and we went back again
“to the first alehouse. But I had a pretty
“task; the girl screaming all the way,
“and squeezing me to death, for fear of
“falling; while the father kept lamenting
“the loss of old Ball, who seemed to be
“breathing his last, after kicking himself
“free from the harness, which was green
“and rotten, for want of use.”

“Twenty years, (said the miserly do-
“tard,) has owld Ball been in the family,
“and never cost a farding for grafs or
“’pothecary’s stuff; for I used to keep
“him in Mr. Jolly’s cow-yard, next door
“to my country house, in Frog-Lane,
“and he never was sick nor forry.”

“Ay, ay, Timmy (says I,) he’s only
“going a little before you. Time the
“poor creature was laid up, for he seems
“quite worm-eaten.”

“When we got to the alehouse, two
“fellows were dispatched for the carriage,
“and, contrary to our expectations, they
“returned,

" returned, one dragging the chaise, the
 " other leading old Ball, who came
 " stumbling, wheezing, and trembling;
 " but, by the help of some good corn,
 " the poor wretch was quite revived. I
 " then left the whole set, and came
 " laughing away."

I hope, Louisa, this *accident* has made
you laugh, for indeed the circumstance is
 perfectly risible.

The sun shining this afternoon with a
 brightness peculiar to frosty weather, I
 was tempted to visit my favourite soldier,
 not unaccompanied, you may be sure.
 Ferguson and *Cæsar* were at my side. There
 is, I hope, nothing degrading in the as-
 sortment, Louisa; when we consider the
 similitude between *Ferguson's* and *Cæsar's*
 good qualities. I am cerrain, the honest
 sailor would feel quite at ease, in the com-
 parison, as he has many times sworn to
 the preference he gives to our old pointer's
 company, when teased to join the *finical*
 and

and *superficial* man of fashion; for Ferguson supposes every well-drest man must be a fop, till convinced by further knowledge.

A cheerful halloo and a grateful whine announced my companions arrival at Sternheim's. We entered abruptly. The good man was reading. He left his employment, and welcomed us with a tear.

"How now, my lad! There's a shower
"in the wind! Here's a soldier, indeed!"

A friendly smile was Sternheim's answer to his good-humoured interrogation; and, addressing himself to me,—

"It is my duty to account for the traces
"of sorrow to this lady, who so gene-
"rously released me from every earthly
"cause to grieve."

Then, putting a little book of manuscript poems into my hand,

"These, madam, were Matilda's innocent productions; and therefore to me
"most valuable."

With

With his leave I brought them home,
and selected the underwritten. There is
a genuine simplicity runs through the
whole, which I think will please our dear
father.

The CAPTIVE.

AT dawn of day, a farmer pass'd
Where deadly snares were set ;
A lark, with piercing cries and throbs,
Was struggling in the net.

The flutt'ring pris'ner begg'd his life ;
Oh ! pity me, he said ;
'Twould kill my harmless babes and wife
To hear that I was dead.

I hurt no creature ; for the whole
Of birds will vouch for me ;
Nor have thy rich possessions stol'n :
Let innocence be free.

One grain, indeed, this fatal morn,
I took.—'Twas all I did.
To die for *one* poor grain of corn,
Alas ! kind heaven, forbid !

A red-breast, from a neighb'ring tree,
Beheld his captive state ;
Ah ! cease thy piteous plaint, said he,
Nor hope to shun your fate.

Poor bird ! be sure thy death's decreed,
No eloquence will do ;
For ah ! the wretch, to whom you plead,
Is judge and jury too.

His consort, then, in search of food,
Her helpless birds to rear,
Was picking, by the fatal spot,
Where lay her tangled dear.

With mournful and incessant screams
She did for pity call ;
Oh ! save him, save him, was her cry,
Or take my life—and all.

For, when he's gone, who shall assist
To raise our callow young ? —
To hear their simple sorrowing strains,
The farmer's heart was wrung.

Reflecting on their tender grief,
And touch'd by mercy's plea,
With ready hands he loos'd the string,
And set his pris'ner free.

The

The tuneful warbler, with his mate,
Enraptured, took the wing,
And, while suspended in the air,
A song of thanks did sing.

The red-breast, seeing pity shewn,
Rejoicing, took his flight;
Nor did the farmer's feeling heart
Experience less delight.

In Continuation.

Dec. 16.

Sitting this day at dinner, in the parlour which looks into the avenue, Ferguson suddenly dropped his knife and fork, and, in his hurry, drew the table-cloth almost to the ground. Away went soup, &c. He ran to the window, —
“Come here, madam; come here, Sir
“Edward. Oh! rot the soup. Come
“here, I say.”

We followed the turbulent creature, and beheld — the identical equipage that met with such a disaster near Croydon. John had taken the horse's bridle, and

was conducting the poor jaded animal up the court-yard, covered with foam, notwithstanding the excessive cold; while his driver repeatedly applied that discipline to his carcase which had not the smallest effect upon old Ball, excepting to variegate the marks that ran in all directions upon his tortured hide.

How they were dragged safely so many miles, by *such* a creature, and in *such* a crazy vehicle, I cannot imagine; as half the apparatus consisted of rope, twine, broken buckles, &c. But the appearance of our forlorn travellers was still more woeful. Ingram, in an old great coat, the cape buttoned about his chin, a coloured handkerchief tied over his hat, and no part of his face visible except two little grey eyes, which shed reluctant tears, extorted by the merciless Boreas, and the tip of a short broad nose, rendered black and blue with the cold. His unfortunate Sall was covered, from head

to foot, with a large riding-hood. Her hat and bosom were loaded with snow, as was every part of the carriage which had been exposed to the weather. Two such shaking, coughing, frozen-looking creatures, I never saw before. *Exclaim I*

Edward's humanity would not suffer them to stand courtesying and bowing at the hall-door. Ferguson conducting them in, they were placed before a good fire, and every necessary thought of to render them comfortable. A fresh supply of soup was brought, which, with the addition of a fine sirloin and some excellent wine, thawed Ingram's rigid muscles, restored his nose to its original tawny, and kindled a smile of satisfaction upon poor Sarah's countenance. After awkwardly thanking Sir Edward for his hospitality, the usurer began to recapitulate the dangers he had met in his journey hither, and concluded with saying, *that from us Y*

must have been No 3 *and I have* "For

“ For the matter of that, he shou’dn’t
“ mind what he had suffered upon the
“ road, if so be as how Sir Edward
“ would rectify *that small* mistake which
“ he had unluckily committed.”

“ I suppose (returned my husband)
“ you refer to the mortgage.”

“ Why yes. I don’t pretend for to
“ vindicate myself in that there matter;
“ but I hopes you will allow”—

“ No quarters to usurers,” interrupted
Ferguson, who I saw was ready to burst,
and could no longer restrain himself.

“ Why what the devil would you ex-
“ pect? But come, suppose I take upon
“ me to say, if you will immediately give
“ up the estate, and ask Sir Edward’s
“ pardon, he will drop the prosecution.”

“ Give up the estate; and without a
“ premium! No; no. I can’t never do
“ that neither.”

“ You must take your own course, In-
“ gram; and I shall continue mine.”

My

My husband looked very positive, when he said this. The old cheat sat silent, employing himself in the usual method of settling his wig, rubbing his face, muttering a spiteful ejaculation, and then, placing his hands upon his knees, sat gazing stupidly at the fire. At last, turning about,

"What, *no* abatement of these terms, Sir Edward?"

"None, Ingram."

He arose in a violent hurry.—"Well, well; be it so;—be it so.—Very hard, for all that, *though*."

I then retired with his daughter, but was afterwards told, he consented with much reluctance, and the matter is to be speedily finished.

December 19.

After two days rest, we sent away our visitors. Edward lent them a horse, for poor old Ball had given up the ghost in two hours after they arrived, owing to his
excessive

excessive fatigue in dragging them through heavy roads, which a sudden fall of snow had rendered extremely difficult to pass. I believe Ingram is happy to get clear of a prosecution which must have ruined him.

A letter from Lady D—— informs us that Windus and Ward have been seen on the continent, perfect vagabonds;—that Mrs. Ward is but little better;—and that Mrs. Tenby recovers surprisingly.

My amiable George Sternheim brought the welcome epistle. He stopped but for a moment, and begged permission to visit his father. I could not detain him, though we hourly expected the good man. However, he promised to bring him to Brenchley, and away flew this dutiful son.

Poor George will miss his parent, for he this moment limps up the yard, supported by his sprightly Harry.— Good soul, what pleasure has he protracted by coming through the park! I must go down to prepare him for the interview.

That

That Ferguson is ever defeating his humane intentions by an ill-timed impetuosity. I should really be angry at his blunders, did they not flow from a too hasty and misjudging benevolence. I hurried into the parlour, anxious to prepare Sternheim for the reception of his son, but the captain had rendered my caution useless, for, meeting the tender father just as I entered the room, he directly vociferated,

“Halloo, my noble Gusty, you are upon a wrong tack; face about, man; the royal George has steered for your harbour, colours flying, and guns primed all ready for a friendly salute.”

I gave the chattering mortal a most petrifying look, but he cared not for it, nor would check his ungovernable aversion to retaining a secret. He only said,

“How now, madam? There are clouds upon that fair-weather countenance; I hope

"hope they are not raised by my non-
"sense."

The soldier changed colour.

"Don't tease me, captain; what *am* I
"to infer from this whimsical exclama-
"tion?"

"Why, (answered the intolerable bab-
"bler,) that you are running away from
"your own son; that's all, my hearty."

Sternheim had risen at my appearance,
but now dropped into a chair, saying,

"Relieve me, good madam; is my dear
"son arrived?"

"Prithee, Augustus, (I replied,) don't
"mind that rough sailor: nothing but
"agreeable intelligence awaits you. Sir
"Edward is impatient to see his worthy
"friend."

"I thank Sir Edward truly. But, ex-
"cuse me.—Where is my son? Oh! let
"me see my child."

He appeared overcome,—Ferguson sat
down by him; and, I believe, felt very
awkward

awkward, on seeing the effects of his precipitancy.

"Lean upon me, Sternheim, (said he.)

"Things can't go amiss when there's a junction between the army and navy."

Just then I saw George alighting at the gate. "Joy to my good neighbour! (I exclaimed,) and here comes one to give it."

He entered, and flew to his father's feet, who I thought would have fainted.

Clasping the dear boy within his only arm,

"My child! (he articulated:;) My affectionate, my noble, fellow! Do I live once more to see my George!"

Who could refrain from tears?

"See how they grapple! (cried Ferguson.) What a cowardly dog I am! Can't help blubbering, 'faith!" Then, running to the door, "What, ho! Sir Edward, come and take your share of this comical fun."

My

My husband attended the call, and heartily congratulated the happy family. When they were composed, George informed us Lord D—— had given him a week to visit his friends, after which he must join his regiment, as it was ordered abroad in the spring; adding, that Harry was to accompany him to town.

“I must beg, then, (said Wilmot,) that you all stay with us till George’s furlow is out.”

“Ay, ay, (interrupted Ferguson,) and I’ll give the young *seaman* a lesson: we shall sail over the globe in half that time!”

Sternheim hesitated. His brow seemed struggling with something of importance. Casting a tearful eye alternately at George and Harry,

“My children, (he said,) forget not the generous pair, by whose tender liberality your blooming virtues have been fostered. Look upon that revered, that hospitable

“ hospitable, couple, as the authors of
“ every temporal advantage you enjoy.
“ In *me* you behold a lame and a help-
“ less creature, by them supported, by
“ them made happy.—But for *their* un-
“ precedented kindness this head had been
“ exposed to wintry winds and summer’s
“ scorching heat, and you, my boys,
“ would have been ignorant and unpro-
“ tected.”

The lads, as if governed by one im-
pulse, knelt before us. I could not raise
my rosy cherub; he *would* continue that
posture, his sparkling eyes glittering with
tears of gratitude. George wept not,
but, with a modest firmness, thus ad-
dressed my husband.

“ But *one* *amends* can we make for your’s
“ and lady Wilmot’s goodness. Engaged
“ in that line of service which best suits
“ our dispositions, we will prove, by our
“ behaviour, the good effects of your be-
“ nevolence, and, by bravely fighting for
“ our

“our king and country, credit the generous distinction of our patrons.”

“*Fight!* (said Harry, rising and turning to his brother,) ay! *fight* as our glorious father has done! I *will* fight, though like *him* I should be rewarded.”

“I rejoice with you, my boys, (said Sternheim,) on your present prospects, and feel indescribable pleasure at seeing you all this throbbing heart can wish.”

Then, looking at us, and bowing, —
“For *such* friendship who can be too grateful? And for *such* an offspring who can feel too much? Come to my bosom, dearest best gifts of heaven, and listen to the maxims my soul imbibed when, young like you, I fought the thorny paths of glory.

“When the battle rages with untamed fury, and, glowing with the hope of exterminating his adversaries, my George pursues a flying enemy; — or, when boarding a vessel which has lost the
“power

“ power of resistance, my Harry shall give
 “ a loose to the spirit of conquest; —
 “ then, my children, let moderation tem-
 “ per your courage, and gentle mercy
 “ check the bloody carnage. When
 “ striding over heaps of wounded fellow-
 “ creatures, remember *that* field in which
 “ your father was thus maimed, and deprive
 “ not a conquered foe of life, but kindly
 “ succour helpless distress. There is po-
 “ licy in such humanity. By acting thus,
 “ you may obtain a friend whose faithful-
 “ ness may prove your future safety.

“ In duty, whether as commanding or
 “ subordinate, be punctual, be unremit-
 “ ting. Should fortune place you over
 “ unsuccessful veterans, gain their confi-
 “ dence by prudent indulgence, and do not
 “ estrange yourselves from them by haugh-
 “ tiness or severity. Should heaven pre-
 “ vent the gratification of laudable ambi-
 “ tion, and place you in a humbler situa-
 “ tion, be patient; be diligently attentive

“ to

“to your superiors, and behave with
“affability to your equals.”

He stopped, and wiped away a tender
tear.

“Huzza! (said Ferguson, who had
“very unwillingly kept silence during the
“soldier’s solemn admonitions,) huzza!
“my brave fellows! With such hearts as
“yours, Britons might conquer the globe.”

Edward took Sternheim’s hand.—“My
“dear friend, I rejoice in the moment
“which brought to my knowledge such a
“pattern of fortitude, piety, and resigna-
“tion. Continue to honour us with your
“company, and we will endeavour to
“deserve the favour, by striving to make
“your existence comfortable.—I see that
“honest bosom struggling for expression;
“but it is *self-love* makes the requisition,
“therefore no thanks are due. Be incor-
“porated with our family. With *such* a
“soldier and *such* a sailor, we cannot want
“entertainment. What say you, cap-
“tain?”

“Why

“ Why I say all’s right as heart can
 “ wish. Sternheim has found excellent
 “ winter-quarters, and I have jumped into
 “ a snug birth. He may relate his bat-
 “ tles, in the long winter evenings, and I
 “ shall make a voyage to Kamtschatka in
 “ less time than one can heave the lead.—
 “ And now, Sir Edwhrd, take the bles-
 “ sing of a rough but well-meaning sailor.
 “ May you and your fair companion pass
 “ through the ocean of life with the union
 “ jack at your mast-head.”

He shook Edward’s hand most heartily,
 and left the room with an exclamation
 loud enough to be heard in a storm.

Honest worthy creatures ! Where can
 we find a soldier more noble, a sailor
 more friendly ! Sentiments so generous,
 though so differently expressed !

Adieu, my dearest Louisa; soon do I hope for the personal congratulation of the most revered of parents, the kindest of sisters.

E. WILMOT.



THE END.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page. Line.

- 125 4 For Moses *read* Timothy.
 178 21 For immediately unite *read* when united.
 202 13 For will be punctual *read* will endeavour to be punctual.
 216 4 For at qudrille *read* called quadrille.

VOL. II.

- 68 7 For beed *read* been.
 69 7 For rewarded *read* rewarded me.
 88 10 For elgant *read* elegant.
 99 23 For holding a lovely infant *read* a lovely infant.
 160 3 For weather *read* pain.

VOL. III.

- 4 15 For goodness *read* for goodness' sake.
 26 22 For James-*read* Rodolphus.
 106 19 For and wringing *read* wringing.
 140 20 For esteeme *read* esteemed.
 155 16 For eilgible *read* eligible.
 183 15 For the first *read* the one.

TABLE



